A

COLLECTION

OF

K/Hymnals. [England]

PSALMS and HYMNS,

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS:

FOR THE USE OF

SERIOUS AND DEVOUT CHRISTIANS

OF EVERY

DENOMINATION.

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

1 JOHN v. 11.
This is the Record, that GOD *hath given to us eternal Life, and this Life is in his Son.*

JOHN viii. 36.
If the Son ſhall make you free, ye ſhall be free indeed.

PSALM xxix. 2.
Worſhip the LORD *in the Beauty of Holineſs.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM
12 FEB 19

INDEX

TO THE

First Lines of each HYMN.

A

Hymn		Page
125	A Charge to keep I have	115
244	A dawn of hope my ſoul revives	241
223	A form of words, tho' e'er ſo ſound	223
140	A thouſand foes prepare to war	140
91	Ah! LORD, how faithleſs is my heart	88
340	Ah! lovely appearance of death	326
357	Ah! what can I do	341
317	Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	295
221	All hail, incarnate GOD	221
296	All glory and praiſe	277
291	All praiſe to the LORD	273
106	All ye that paſs by	103
207	Almighty GOD of truth and love	207
214	And is it yet, dear LORD, a doubt	214
344	And let this feeble body fail	325
311	And now, my ſoul, another year	289
208	And will the LORD thus condeſcend	208
104	Ariſe, my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs	101
134	Ariſe, my tend'reſt thoughts, ariſe	126
288	Ariſe, my ſoul, with wonder ſee	271
119	Array'd in mortal fleſh	118
137	Awake, and ſing the ſong	[illegible]
308	Awake, my ſoul, and with the ſun	285
366	Awake, ye ſaints, and lift your eyes	347

B

Hymn Page

73 Be with me, Lord, where'er I go - - - - 69
178 Before Jehovah's awful throne - - - - 179
234 Believers own they are but blind - - 232
232 Beſet with ſnares on ev'ry hand - - - 230
156 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the living God - - - 155
250 Bleſs'd be the Eather, and his love - - 244
84 Bleſſed are the ſons of God - - - - - - 86
262 Bleſt are the ſouls that hear and know - 250
371 Bleſt be the dear uniting love - - - - 356
370 Bleſt by Jeſu's providence - - - - - 355
352 Blow ye the trumpet, blow - - - - - 335
141 Brethren, let us join to bleſs - - - - 142
285 By whom was David taught - - - - - 233

C

83 Children of Iſrael, ſee what ſhade - - 79
132 Children of the heav'nly King - - - - 131
324 Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day - - - 303
246 Christ's own ſoft hand ſhall wipe your tears 242
177 Chriſtians in your ſev'ral ſtations - - - 178
282 Come, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell - 266
166 Come, deſcend, O heav'nly Spirit - - - 166
269 Come, guilty ſouls, and flee away - - 255
179 Come, heav'nly love, inſpire my ſong - 180
330 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove - - 310
233 Come, holy Spirit, come - - - - - 231
256 Come, holy Ghoſt, ſet to thy ſeal - - 247
57 Come, let us join our chearful ſongs - - 53
71 Come, let us all unite to praiſe - - - 66
265 Come, O thou univerſal good - - - - 252

BRITISH MUSEUM

Hymn Page
360 Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart 345
301 Come, O my ſoul, and ſing - - - - - - 281
225 Come, thou bleſt Jesus, quickly come - - 225
12 Come, thou Almighty King - - - - - - 12
128 Come, thou font of ev'ry bleſſing - - - 127
387 Come, thou long expected Jesus - - 317
4 Come, ſinners, to the Goſpel-feaſt - - - 5
1 Come, ye ſinners, poor and wretched - - 1
9 Come, ye ſinners, come to Jesus - - - 10
117 Come, ye that love the Lord - - - - - 116
219 Come, weary ſouls with ſins diſtreſt - - 219
272 Confirm the hope thy word allows - - 258

D

37 Dear Lord, attend my pray'r - - - - - 34
115 Dear refuge of my weary ſoul - - - - 114
270 Dear Lord, accept a ſinful heart - - - 256
157 Deſcend from heav'n, immortal Dove - - 156
192 Deſerters, to the camp return - - - 193
87 Diſciples of Christ - - - - - - 84
277 Diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing, Lord - - 263
365 Does it not grief and wonder move - - 350
Doxologies - - - - - - - 359–360
306 Dread Sovereign, let my ev'ning ſong - - 284
271 Dreſs uniform the ſoldiers wear - - - 257

E

267 Elijah's example declares - - - - - 253
158 Encourag'd by thy word - - - - - 157
305 Ere I ſleep for ev'ry favour - - - - - 283
65 Eternal ſource of joys divine - - - - - 61

F

Hymn Page

220 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliſs - 220

170 Far from our thoughts, vain world, begone 171

197 Far from theſe narrow ſcenes of night - 198

279 Father, before we hence depart - - - 264

283 Father, God, who ſee'ſt in me - - - 267

146 Father, how wide thy glory ſhines - - 147

22 Father, I ſtretch my hands to thee - - - 21

90 Father, if thou my Father art - - - - 87

298 Father of mankind - - - - - - - - 279

29 Father of mercies, in thy word - - - - 27

367 Forth in thy ſtrength, O Lord, we go - 353

101 From thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe - - 98

G

92 Give to our God immortal praiſe - - - 89

260 Glory be to God on high, Hallelujah 249

15 Glory to God, who gave the word - - 15

309 Glory to thee, my God, this night - 286

368 Glory to thee our Chriſt be given, - 353

32 God of my ſalvation, hear - - - 29

143 God of all conſolation, take - 144

148 God of all grace and majeſty 149

289 God of all-redeeming grace - - - - - 272

222 God is King, ye lands rejoice - - - - - 222

273 God moves in a myſterious way - - - 258

195 God of my life, thro' all my days - - - 196

268 God gives his mercies to be ſpent - - 254

161 Grace, 'tis a charming ſound - - - - 161

31 Great God, indulge my humble claim - 29

202 Great God of wonders, all thy ways - 202

Hymn Page
35 Ground, O ground me on the Lamb - - 32
116 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah - - - 115

H

254 Had I ten thouſand gifts beſide - - - 246
81 Hail, Alpha and Omega, hail - - - 78
70 Hail, thou once deſpiſed Jesus - - - 65
328 Hail, the day that ſees him riſe - - - 307
60 Happy the heart where graces reign - - 56
53 Hark, my ſoul, it is the Lord - - - 49
334 Hark the glad ſound, the Saviour comes - 313
335 Hark, the herald-angels ſing - - - 314
349 He comes, he comes, the Judge ſevere - 330
183 He is a God of ſov'reign love - - - 183
303 Help us to help each other, Lord - - 282
193 Here at thy croſs, my dying God - - - 194
247 He that hath made his refuge God - - 242
151 Holy Lamb, who thee receive - - - 151
326 Hoſanna Prince of light - - - 305
341 Hoſanna to Jesus on high - - - - 322
67 How bleſt are they, whoſe feet have found 63
75 How can we adore - - - - 71
239 How glorious the Lamb - - - 228
58 How heavy is the night - - - 54
191 How happy is the chriſtian's ſtate - - 193
339 How happy the ſorrowful man - - - 319
283 How long ſhall Death the tyrant reign - 264
259 How oft have ſin and Satan ſtrove - - 249
24 How ſad our ſtate by nature is - - - - 22
255 How ſtrange is the courſe that a chriſtian muſt ſteer - - - - - - - 246
210 How vain are all things here below - - 210

I

Hymn Page
224 I am, ſaith CHRIST, the way - - - 224
353 I aſk'd the LORD that I might grow - - 336
212 I hate the tempter and his charms - - - 212
134 I long to behold him array'd - - - 133
79 Jehovah reigns, his throne is high - - - 75
182 Jeſus, Lord, we look to thee - - - 183
286 Jeſu, dear redeeming LORD - - - - 269
83 Jeſu, friend of ſinners, hear - - - - 80
84 Jeſu, Jeſu, King of ſaints - - - 81
76 Jeſu, lover of my ſoul - - - - 72
27 Jeſu, Redeemer, Saviour, LORD, - - - 25
78 Jeſu, thy blood and righteouſneſs - - - 74
159 Jeſu, we thy promiſe claim - - - - 159
329 Jeſu, we hang upon the word - - - - 308
56 Jeſus, I love thy charming name - - - 52
227 Jeſus, thou everlaſting King - - - 226
278 Jeſus, knit all our hearts to thee - - - 264
107 Jeſus my all to heav'n is gone - - - 105
64 Jeſus, the Saviour of my ſoul - - - - 60
149 Jeſus, thou art my righteouſneſs - - - 150
~~227 Jeſus, thou everlaſting King - - - - - 226~~
294 Jeſus, invites his ſaints - - - 275
318 Jeſus, who dy'd a world to ſave - - - 302
118 Join all the glorious names - - - - 117
354 Joy is a fruit that will not grow - - - 337
347 In a world of ſin and ſorrow - - - - 328
321 Is there a thing beneath the ſky - - - 299

K

152 Kind is the ſpeech of CHRIST our LORD - - 152

L

Hymn Page
110 Lamb of God, we fall before thee - - 107
284 Lamb of God, for whom we languish - 267
3 Let ev'ry mortal ear attend - - 3
369 Let God the Father live - - 354
263 Let me but hear my Saviour say - - 251
181 Let party names no more - - 182
82 Let us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd - - 78
180 Let worldly minds the world purſue - - 181
237 Let us love, and ſing, and wonder - - 225
23 Light of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling - 21
351 Lo! he comes with clouds deſcending - 333
350 Lo! he cometh, countleſs trumpets - - 332
241 Lo! to the hills I lift my eyes - - 233
226 Long did my ſoul in Jesu's form - - 215
14 Long have we ſat beneath the ſound - - - 14
300 Lord, help us on thy love to feed - - - 280
189 Lord, how myſterious are thy ways - 191
155 Lord, all I am is known to thee - - 154
51 Lord, I wou'd ſpread my ſore diſtreſs - - 46
60 Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in ſin - - 55
38 Lord, if thou the grace impart - - 35
285 Lord, how divine thy comforts are - - 268
108 Lord, and God of heav'nly pow'rs - - 105
150 Lord Jeſu, when, when ſhall it be - - - 150
190 Lord, avenge thy tempted ſaints - - - 180
374 Lord, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing, - - - 358
10 Lord, we come before thee now - - - - - 10
148 Love divine, all loves excelling - 145
215 Lord, what a wretched land is this - [illegible]
252 Lord, 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſtand - [illegible]

M

Hymn Page
204 Miſtaken ſouls, that dream of heav'n - 204
88 Moſt righteous God, my doom I bear - - 86
61 My God, the ſpring of all my joys - - - 57
102 My God, my life, my love - - - 99
105 My God, my portion, and my love - - 100
211 My Lord, how great's the favour - - 209
248 My God, my King, thy various praiſe - 243
203 My God, permit me not to be - - - - 203
147 My hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r - - 148
160 My Maker and my King - - - - - - 160
247 My riſing ſoul with ſtrong deſires - - - 248
[illegible] My Saviour, my almighty friend - - 85
230 My Saviour's pierced ſide - - - - - 229
326 My ſoul, come meditate the day - - - 327

N

188 Naked as from the earth we came - - 190
287 No farther go to night, but ſtay - - 285
175 No more, my God, I boaſt no more - - 176
126 Not all the blood of beaſts - - - 125
[illegible] Now begin the heav'nly theme - - - 67
8 Now may the Spirit's holy fire - - - 8
174 Now to the Lord a noble ſong - - 175
196 Now by the bowels of my God - - - 197
342 Now in the heat of youthful blood - - 334

O

85 O come, thou wounded Lamb of God - 84
144 O come, let us join - - - - - 145
65 O deareſt Lord, give me an heart - - 62

Hymn		Page
99	O dear Redeemer, who alone - - -	96
30	O for an heart to love my God - - -	28
96	O for a thouſand tongues to ſing - - -	93
167	O! for a glance of heav'nly day - - -	16
171	O for a cloſer walk with God - - -	171
301	O for an overcoming faith - - -	280
331	O for a ſweet inſpiring ray - - -	311
13	O God of wiſdom, God of might - - -	13
80	O heavenly King - - - - - -	76
318	O! If my ſoul was form'd for woe - -	296
86	O Jeſu, Jeſu, deareſt Lord - - - - -	82
109	O Jeſus, everlaſting God - - - - -	106
185	O Jeſu, our Lord - - - - -	184
295	O Jeſus, my hope - - - - - -	276
26	O Lord, to whom for help I call - -	24
161	O Lord my God, whoſe ſov'reign love -	158
89	O love, thou bottomleſs abyſs - - - - -	86
113	O love divine, how ſweet thou art - -	112
299	O let thy love our hearts conſtrain - -	280
44	O my Lord, what muſt I do - - - -	40
20	O Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe - - - -	19
86	O thou, whoſe tender mercy hears - - -	83
40	O that the Lord wou'd guide my ways -	37
49	O thou that hear'ſt when ſinners cry - -	44
69	O thou in whom the Gentiles truſt - -	64
95	O thou tender loving Jesus - - - -	[illegible]
145	O thou holy Lamb divine - - - - -	[illegible]
45	O that my load of ſin were gone - -	41
46	O what ſhall I do my Saviour to praiſe - -	42
130	O what ſhall I do to retrieve - - - -	129
200	O that we knew the ſecret place - - -	200
68	Of him who did ſalvation bring - - - -	64

Hymn Page
364 Oft as the Bell with solemn toll, - 349
41 Oft hast thou, LORD, in tender love - - 38
112 Oft I reflect upon the grace - - - 112
39 On thee, O GOD of purity - - - - 36
8 Once more we come before our GOD - - 9
380 Once more before we part - 364
248 Our GOD, how firm his promise stands 229
382 Our lives, our blood we here present - 381
292 Our Shepherd alone - - - - 274

P

327 Pleas'd we read in sacred story - - - 306
103 Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair - - 100
332 Praise be to the Father giv'n - - - 312
276 Precious Bible, what a treasure - - 262

R

63 Rejoice, the LORD is King - - - - 59
175 Rejoice evermore - - - - 173
240 Rich grace, free grace most sweetly calls 239
131 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings - - 130
304 Rise, my soul, adore thy Maker - - - 282

S

355 Safely thro' another week - - - - - 338
266 Salvation, O the joyful sound - - - 252
98 Saviour, I do feel thy merit - - - - 96
190 See how rude winter's icy hand - - - 192
315 See, my soul, with wonder see - - - 292
48 Shew pity, LORD, O LORD, forgive - - 44
236 Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts - - 235

Hymn Page
[illegible] Sinners, obey the goſpel word - 6
5 Sinners, behold the pierced Lamb - 5
198 So let our lips and lives expreſs - - 199
25 Son of God, thy bleſſing grant - - - 28
316 Sons of men, behold from far - - - 294
338 Sovereign grace has power alone - - 318
142 Stay, thou inſulted Spirit, ſtay - - 143
242 Still, O Lord, our faith increaſe - - 239
229 Strange that ſo much of heav'n and hell - 218
54 Sweet was the hour, the minutes ſweet - 50
183 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace - - 184

T

297 Thankful for our ev'ry bleſſing - - - 278
42 The one thing needful that good part - 38
356 The church a garden is - - - - - 339
47 The voice of my Beloved ſounds - - - 43
62 The Saviour's love once truly known - 58
66 The promiſe of my Father's love - - 62
100 The glories of my Maker, God - - 97
112 The deſpiſed Nazarene - - - - 110
184 The ſouls that wou'd to Jesus preſs - - 185
187 The fountain of Chriſt - - - - - 188
176 The Lord, my ſhepherd and my guide - 177
287 The Lord, how glorious is his face - - 270
313 The Lord of earth and ſky - - - - 293
18 The Lord of life and glory ſtands - - - 17
266 The Lord is kind in all his ways - - - 256
245 The law commands and makes us know 243
268 The great Jehovah reigns - - - 257
274 The moon has but a borrow'd light - - 259
19 The Saviour calls, let ev'ry ear - - - 18

Hymn Page
325 The Sun of righteousneſs appears - - - 304
345 Thee we adore, eternal Name - - 326
[illegible] There is a land of living joy - - - 343
363 There is a land of pure delight - - - 348
163 There is a houſe not made with hands - 163
162 There is a fountain fill'd with blood - - 161
261 This GOD is the GOD we adore - - 250
281 This day the LORD of hoſts invites - 265
21 Thou hidden love of GOD, whoſe height 20
52 Thou GOD of glorious majeſty - - 47
77 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb - - 74
98 Thou only ſov'reign of my heart - - - 95
129 Thou ſhepherd of Iſrael, and mine - - 128
172 Thou only ſource of true delight - - - 172
298 Thou very paſchal Lamb - - - 275
216 Thou whom my ſoul admires above - 216
164 Tho' ſtrait be the way - - - 164
94 Throughout the Saviour's life we trace 91
249 Thy word, O GOD, ſupports my faith - 243
258 Thy piercing eye, O GOD, ſurveys - 248
[illegible] Thy people, LORD, have ever found - 212
[illegible] Thy preſence, Saviour, may I feel - - 218
[illegible] 'Tis falſe, thou vile accuſer, go - - 170
319 'Tis finiſh'd, the redeemer ſaid - - - 297
[illegible] 'Tis finiſh'd, 'tis done - - - 319
310 To day GOD bids the faithful reſt - - - 287
[illegible] To GOD the only wiſe - - - [illegible]
201 To our redeemer's glorious name - - 201
[illegible] Together with theſe ſymbols, LORD - - 272
[illegible] To-morrow, LORD, is thine - - - 248
[illegible] To thee, my GOD, I hourly ſigh - - 165
[illegible] To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt - 360

W

Hymn		Page
17	We are a garden wall'd around - - -	17
11	We magnify thy grace, O Lord - - -	11
366	Welcome, thou well-belov'd of God, -	351
[illegible]	Welcome, welcome, bleſſed ſervant -	[illegible]
217	What jarring nature dwells within -	[illegible]
[illegible]	What diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ſin -	[illegible]
139	What ſhall we render unto thee -	139
194	What ſhall I render, O my God - -	195
336	What good news the angels bring - -	315
342	When blooming youth is ſnatch'd away -	323
121	When, with my mind divinely preſt -	121
43	When, gracious Lord, when ſhall it be -	39
136	When I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs - -	135
138	When all thy mercies, O my God - - -	138
185	When darkneſs long has veil'd my mind	186
186	When I can read my title clear - - -	187
251	Where are the mourners, ſays the Lord	244
314	While with ceaſeleſs courſe the ſun - -	291
361	While on the verge of life I ſtand - -	346
311	When, O dear Jesus, when ſhall I - -	288
378	With all thy power, O Lord, defend -	358
16	With heart and lips unfeign'd - - - -	16
59	With joy we meditate the grace - - -	55
97	With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue -	94
322	Who hath our report believed - - -	[illegible]
137	World adieu, thou real cheat - - - -	135
211	Why does your face, ye humble ſouls -	[illegible]
320	Why do we mourn departing friends -	298
209	Why is my heart ſo far from thee - -	209
205	Why, O my heart, theſe anxious cares -	205

Hymn Page
264 Why ſhou'd I doubt his love at laſt - 251
253 Why was I made to hear thy voice - 245

Y

275 Ye lambs of CHRIST's fold - - 260
74 Ye ſervants of GOD - - 70
168 Ye ſouls that are weak - - 168
6 Ye weary wanderers, draw near - - 7
199 Ye humble ſouls, complain no more - 199

Z

238 Zeal is that pure and heav'nly flame - 237

HYMNS.

HYMNS

ON

PARTICULAR SUBJECTS.

THE *Invitation*, - 1—6, 18, 19
At the Opening of Worſhip, - 7—12
Reading or hearing the Scriptures, - 13
Unfruitfulneſs, - - 14
Before ſpeaking, - - - - 15, 16
Deſiring the Divine Preſence, - 17
Panting after God, - - 20
A Prayer for, and Power of Faith, 21—23, 222
Mercies applied, - - - - - 24, 25
Spiritual Barrenneſs, - - 26
The Excellency of the Scriptures, - 27
For a clean heart, - - - 28
Longing after God, - - 29
The poor Sinner, - - - - 30
To Jeſus Chriſt, - - 31, 64, 66, 151, [illegible], 267
Abſence from God, - - - 33, 34
Meekneſs and Humility, - - - 35
Breathing after Holineſs, - - 37
Preventing Grace, - - - - 38, 101
A Sinner's Prayer, - - 39, 40, 69
The Preſſure of Sin, - - - - 41

Page
In humble Hope, - - - - - 42,85
The Voice of Chriſt, - - - - - 43,49
Humiliation, - - - - - - - 44—46
For Seriouſneſs, - - - - - - - - 47
The Day of Eſpouſals, - - - - - - 50
The Petition, - - - - - - - - - - 51
Chriſt precious to a Believer, - - - - 52
Praiſing & adoring Chriſt, 53,93,142,145,146
Chriſt our Wiſdom, - - - - - - - - 54
Chriſt's Compaſſion to the tempted, - - 55
Love; Chriſt's univerſal, - - 56,58,112
Light in Darkneſs, - - - - - 57
The Believer's Requeſt and Hope, - 60,123
Deſiring Aſſurance of God's Favour, - 61
The new Covenant ſealed, - - 62
Chriſt our only Refuge, - - 63,64
Redeeming Love, - 67
Te Deum, - - - - - - - - 71
Under Temptation, - - - - 72
Chriſt our great Melchiſedec, - 74
Chriſt our Righteouſneſs, - 74
The Greatneſs and Goodneſs of God, 75,76,184
Deſiring Perſeverance, - - 78
Striving to praiſe Chriſt, - - 78
Reſting under the Croſs, - 79
Privileges of God's Children, - - 81—84
A Prayer for Grace, - - - 88,240
Creation and Redemption, - 89
The happy Moment, - - - - 90
Confidence, - - - - - - - 94
Life and Safety in Chriſt alone, - 95,96

BRITISH MUSEUM
12

Page
Univerſal Praiſe, - - - - - - - 97,100
A divine Rapture, - - 98
God all in all, - - - - - 227,99,214
Protection from Enemies 101
God our only Happineſs, - 102
Faith's Claim, - - - - - - 103
The Way to Canaan, 105
Praiſe ye the Lord, - - - - - - 106
Chriſt the Believer's all, - 107
Human Weakneſs owned, - - - 109
Exulting in Chriſt, - - - - 110
God the only Refuge in Trouble, - 114
Chriſt a ſure Guide, - - - - - 115
Heavenly Joys on Earth, - - - 116
The Offices of Chriſt, - - 117—120
The Sinner converted, 121,122,141
Faith in Chriſt our Sacrifice, - 123
Ebenezer, - - - - - - 127
Longing after Chriſt, - 128
Chriſt withdrawn, - - - - - 129
The Pilgrim's Song, - 130,131
Fleſh and Spirit, - - 132
The Beatific Viſion, 133
Crucifixion to the World, - - 135
Farewel to the World, 136
Gratitude, - - - - - 138,139
To the Holy Ghoſt, - - - - 143,166
The Chriſtian's Expectation, 144
God glorious, and Sinners ſaved, - 147,249
Thy Word is Truth, - - - - 148

Page
Inconſtancy, - - - - - - - - 150
Compleatneſs in Chriſt, - - - - - 152
Preſerving Grace, - - - - - - 152
Pleading the Covenant, - - - - - 153
God's Omnipreſence, - - - - - 154
Thanksgiving, - - - - - - - - 155
Sight of God and Chriſt in Heaven, - - 156
The Beggar, - - - - - - - - 157
God our Creator and Benefactor, - - 160
Breathing after heavenly Things, - 165, 310
The ſtony Heart, - - - - - - 167
For thine is the Kingdom, - - - - 168
Satan repulſed, - - - - - - 170, 171
Deſiring to know and love Chriſt more, 172
Rejoice evermore, - - - - - - 173
Glory and Grace in Chriſt, - 164, 175, 176
The Heavenly Shepherd, - - - - 177
The Relative Duties, - - - - - 178
Redeeming and Chriſtian Love - 180—183
Tribulation, - - - - - - - 185, 186
Trials overcome by Hope, - - - - 187
Submiſſion to Providence, - - - - 190
The Myſteries of Providence, & Anſwer, 191, 192
True Happineſs, - - - - - - 193
Backſliders returning, - - - 206, 193
Safety under the Croſs, - - - - - 194
Public Thanks for private Deliverance, 195
Praiſe to God through the whole of our Exiſtence, - 196
Brotherly Love, - - - - - - - 197

Page
The promiſed Land, - - 198
Happy Poverty, - 199
Sins and Sorrows laid before God, - 200
Praiſe to the Redeemer, - 201
The pardoning God, - 202
Heavenly Aſpirations, - 203
A living and dead Faith, - 204
Truſt in God in Difficulties, - 205
A Prayer for a new Spirit, - 207
The Heavenly Gueſt, - - - - 208
Weakneſs bewailed, - - - 209
The Danger of Creature Comforts, - 210
Sins and Doubts overcome by Grace, - 211
Satan's Devices expoſed, - 212
The Vanity of Worldly Schemes, - - 213
The Path to Heaven through this World, 215
Deſiring to be kept in God's Way, 216
Grace and Sin, - - 217
Longing for a Senſe of Pardon, 218
Weary Souls invited to Reſt, - 219
The increaſing Power of Chriſt's Kingdom, 221
The Sovereignty of God, - - 222
The Kingdom of God not in Word but in Power, - - 223
Chriſt the Way, the Truth, and the Life, 224
Breathing after Chriſt, 225
Chriſt the only Saviour, - 225
The divided Heart lamented, 228
Chriſt juſtifies and ſanctifies, 229
For Victory over Death, - 230

	Page
To the Holy Ghoſt,	231, 256
Chriſt our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification and Redemption,	232
Divine Strength in human Weakneſs,	233
The Deceitfulneſs of Sin,	235
Praiſe to the Redeemer,	236
True and falſe Zeal,	237
Looking to Jeſus,	238
The Faithfulneſs of God relied on,	240
Law and Goſpel,	241
The Saint's Deliverance at Death,	241
The Saint's Safety in God,	242
The Heart devoted to God,	243
The everlaſting Covenant,	243
To the Trinity,	244, 312, 354
Comfort for Mourners,	244
Growth in Grace, and Free Grace,	245
Completeneſs in Chriſt,	246
The Paradox,	246
Deſiring Communion with God,	248
Self-Examination,	248
A bleſſed Goſpel,	250
Human Weakneſs and Chriſt's Strength,	251
Deſiring and pleading Chriſt,	252, 267
Salvation,	252
Every Creature at God's Command,	253
Vanity of the World,	254
Self-Acquaintance,	256
The Chriſtian Soldier's Uniform,	257
Light ſhining out of Darkneſs,	258

Page
Moonlight, - - - - - - - 25[illegible]
Comfort for weak Believers, - - - - 260
The Word of God more precious than Gold, 262
At Dismission, - - - - - - 263, 264
At the Sacrament, - - - 265, 272—280
For the Love of Christ, - - - - - 266
Assurance of Pardon, - - - - - 268
The triumphal Feast, - - - - - - 270
Dedication to God, - - - - - - 277
Morning Hymn, - - - - - 282, 285, 286
Evening Hymn, - - - - - - 283, 284
Lord's-Day Morning and Evening, 287, 288
For New-Year's Day, - - - 289, 290, 291
The Circumcision, - - - - - - 292
Epiphany, - - - - - - - - 294
Good-Friday, - - - - - - - - 295
Repentance at the Croſs, - - - - 296
It is finiſhed, - - - - - - - 297
The Grave ſanctified by Chriſt, - - 298
Chriſt pierced, - - - - - - - 299
Eaſter-Day, - - - - - 302, 303, 304
The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of Chriſt, 305, 306
His Aſcenſion, - - - - - - - 307
Whitſunday, - - - - - - - - 308
Breathing after the Spirit, - - - 311
The Benefit of Afflictions, - - - 312
The Nativity, - - - - - - 313—318
Sickneſs, or Divine Correction, - - 319
A Funeral Hymn, - - - - - - 320, 322
On the Death of a Young Perſon, - - 323

[illegible] on various Subjects.

[illegible]
Death and Glory, - - - - - 327-328
On the Death of a Believer, - - - 329
The second Coming of Christ, - - - 330
The [illegible] - - - - - 333
The [illegible], - - - - - 335
Joy in the Lord, - - - - - 336
For Saturday Evening, - - - - 338
[illegible] - - - - - 339
The Burden'd Sinner, - - - - 341
[illegible] - - - - - 343
A Prospect of the Resurrection, - - 344
The Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy, 348
The Happiness of being with Christ, - 346
Salvation approaching, - - - - 347
The [illegible], - - - - - 3[illegible]
Before Sermon, - - - - - 3[illegible]
On taking a Member into Society, - 3[illegible]
Upon going forth to Preach - - [illegible]
After returning from Preaching, - 353
At [illegible], - - - - - 355
At Parting, - - - - - 356
For [illegible] - - - - 357
The [illegible] at Parting, - - - 35[illegible]
DOXOLOGIES, - - - - - 360

12 FEB 10

A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS and HYMNS.

◆ ◆ ◆

HYMN I.

INVITATION.

COME, ye ſinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore;
Jesus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free-bounty glorify!
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

B

Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream;
All the fitneſs he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo your Maker proſtrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finiſh'd."
Sinner, will not this ſuffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate God aſcended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other truſt intrude;
None but Jeſus
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb,
While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his Name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the ſame.

HYMN 2. ANOTHER.

1 SINNERS, obey the goſpel-word,
Haſte to the Supper of your LORD;
Be wiſe to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiſs his late returning Son;
Ready the loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Juſt now the ſtony heart to move;
T' apply, and witneſs with the blood,
And waſh, and ſeal you, ſons of GOD.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then, ye ſinners, to your LORD,
To happineſs in CHRIST reſtor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And taſte the fulneſs of his grace.

HYMN 3. ANOTHER.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the goſpel ſounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Come, all ye hungry ſtarving ſouls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

4 Eternal Wiſdom has prepar'd
A ſoul-reviving feaſt;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich proviſion taſte.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirſt
With ſprings that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Dear GOD! the treaſures of thy love
Are everlaſting mines;
Deep as our helpleſs miſeries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins.

7 The happy gates of goſpel grace
Stand open night and day;
LORD, we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

◆

HYMN 4. Another.

1 COME, ſinners, to the goſpel-feaſt,
Let ev'ry ſoul be JESU's gueſt;
There need not one be left behind,
For GOD hath bidden all mankind.

2 "Have me excus'd," why will you cry,
From health, and life, and liberty;
From all that is in JESUS giv'n,
From pardon, holineſs and heav'n!

3 Come then, ye ſouls by ſin oppreſt,
Ye weary wand'rers after reſt;
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In CHRIST an hearty welcome find.

4 See him ſet forth before your eyes;
Behold the bleeding ſacrifice!
His offer'd love let all embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by grace.

5 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall ſup with him, and he with you;
Come to the feaſt, be ſav'd from ſin,
For JESUS waits to take you in.

6 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the glorious goſpel-day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live to him, who dy'd for all.

HYMN 5. THE SAME.

1 Sinners, behold the pierced Lamb,
For you he hung upon the ſtem;
Behold him by the eye of faith,
For life doth iſſue from his death.

2 Salvation's well wide open ſtands,
And blood-ſtreams run from feet & hands;
The open'd ſide doth richly flow,
From whence, with joy, we water draw:

3 Water to quench our parching thirſt,
To cleanſe and make us fit for CHRIST;
T' allay our nature's fire within,
And purify the ſoul from ſin.

4 JESUS alone true life imparts,
And med'cine for all wounded hearts;
With balm ſupplies for ev'ry ſore,
And works a ſpeedy, perfect cure.

5 One look to him upon the pole,
Revives and heals the ſin-ſtung ſoul;
Relieves the weary and the faint,
The tempted, and each mourner's want.

6 Come then, thou great High-prieſt, apply
To us this ſov'reign remedy;
That we the bleſſings of thy death
May antedate below by faith.

* * *

HYMN 6. The Same.

1 YE weary wanderers draw near,
That know no ſolid peace or reſt,
Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,
And lean upon your Saviour's breaſt:
All's ſtolen fruit that can be found
To chear the ſoul on nature's ground.

2 Come, for the goſpel bids you come;
Jesus for ſinners bled and dy'd;
The ſacred word reports there's room,
The Lamb he woos you for his bride;
Your ſouls ſhall find a reſting-place
In th' arms of everlaſting grace.

3 The day of ſmall things don't deſpiſe;
By poverty increaſe your ſtore;
The happy ſoul that's truly wiſe,
Can richer grow by being poor:
To melt in love, to ſink in ſhame,
This be my wiſh, be this my frame.

4 Give me a ſympathizing ſoul,
To bear thy ſuff'rings on my heart,
Thy pain and agonizing toil,
Nor let me from this viſion part:
Then ſhall I heartily rejoice,
And raiſe to thee my grateful voice.

5 All earthly objects now give way,
Nature and creature both reſign;

On thee by faith myſelf I'll ſtay,
And taſte the pow'r of love divine;
Redemption in thy blood is found,
My anchor's caſt on ſacred ground.

HYMN 7.

AT THE OPENING OF WORSHIP.

1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Deſcending from above,
His waiting family inſpire
With joy, and peace, and love!

2 Thee we the Comforter confeſs,
Unleſs thou'rt preſent here,
Our ſongs of praiſe are vain addreſs,
We utter heartleſs pray'r.

2 'Wake, heav'nly Wind, ariſe, and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our ſpices then ſhall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incenſe yield.

4 Touch with a living coal the lip
That ſhall proclaim thy word,
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

5 Haſten the reſtitution-day,
Which now corruption ſhrouds,
New heav'ns and new earth diſplay,
With JESUS in the clouds.

HYMN 8. ANOTHER.

1 ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his bleſſing aſk;
O may not duty ſeem a load,
Nor worſhip prove a taſk!

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit ſend
From heav'n in Jeſu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our ſouls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honeſt heart;
Hoard up the precious treaſure there,
And never with it part.

4 To ſeek thee all our hearts diſpoſe;
To each thy bleſſing ſuit;
And let the ſeed thy ſervant ſows
Produce a plenteous fruit.

5 Bid the refreſhing north-wind 'wake;
Say to the ſouth-wind, blow;
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly ſhow'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

HYMN 9. ANOTHER.

1 COME, ye ſinners, come to JESUS,
Think upon your gracious LORD;
He has pity'd your condition,
He has ſent his goſpel-word.
Mercy calls you,
Mercy flows on JESU's blood.

2 Deareſt Saviour, help thy ſervant
To proclaim thy wond'rous love;
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve;
Bleſs, O bleſs them
From thy ſhining courts above.

3 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the goſpel-feaſt;
Let thy Spirit ſweetly draw them,
Ev'ry ſoul be JESU's gueſt.
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd reſt.

HYMN 10. ANOTHER.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O! do not our ſuit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, LORD, in vain?

2 LORD, on thee our ſouls depend,
In compaſſion now deſcend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee, there we ſtay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a bleſſing thou beſtow.

4 Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

5 Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down, lift up;
Make them ſtrong in faith and hope!

6 Grant that all may ſeek, and find
Thee a gracious God and kind;
Heal the ſick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee!

HYMN II. The same.

1 WE magnify thy grace, O Lord;
How plent'ouſly haſt thou prepar'd
A ſupper for thy ſaints!
All things are ready, thou haſt ſaid,
A table thou haſt richly ſpread,
To anſwer all our wants.

2 Now, Lord, allure our ſouls to thee,
O kindly bid us come and ſee,
And taſte how good thou art;
Knock with the hammer of thy word,
Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord;
Lord, break into each heart!

3 Darkneſs and unbelief remove;
Repleniſh all our ſouls with love;
Caſt out the power of ſin:
Jesus, attend our feeble pray'r,
And for thyſelf our hearts prepare;
Come in, dear Lord, come in!

4 Let comfort, love, and joy, and peace,
Like rivers flow, and ſtill increaſe,
Unto the ocean driv'n:
Lord, condeſcend to ſup with me,
And grant I now may ſup with thee,
And ſup at laſt in heav'n!

HYMN 12. [illegible]

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd;
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty ſword,
Our pray'r attend!
Come! and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs;
Spirit of holineſs
On us deſcend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy ſacred witneſs bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praiſes be;
Hence evermore!
His ſov'reign Majeſty
May we in glory ſee,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

HYMN 13.

READING OR HEARING THE SCRIPTURES.

1 O GOD of wiſdom, GOD of might,
Great ruler in the realms of light;
Whoſe truths are hid from prudent eyes,
But make the babe and ſuckling wiſe;
Help thy unknowing ſervants, LORD,
To hear, and underſtand thy word.

2 Reveal thy ſcriptures to our mind;
Here let us heav'nly treaſures find;
Do thou thoſe ſacred leaves unfold,
Let us thy richeſt grace behold:
O let thy Spirit lead us forth,
And teach us all its endleſs worth.

3 Direct us, leſt we judge amiſs,
Leſt error cloud the hidden bliſs;
Th' ingrafted word may we receive,
And back to thee the glory give:
O make us know, O make us hear
The glorious tidings treaſur'd there.

HYMN 14. UNFRUITFULNESS.

1 LONG have we ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation, LORD;
But ſtill how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
Do our falſe hearts retain!

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God, thy ſov'reign aid impart
To give thy word ſucceſs;
Write thy ſalvation on our heart,
And make us learn thy grace,

5 Shew our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love ſhall never die.

HYMN 15. BEFORE SPEAKING.

1 GLORY to God, who gave the word,
And bid the preachers cry;
Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

2 Lord, ever give us of this bread,
And grant us ears to hear;
Hearts to receive the heav'nly ſeed,
And bring forth fruit with fear.

3 O may thy word direct our path,
And guide our falt'ring feet;
Direct us in the living way,
And to thy mercy-ſeat!

4 Fountain of everlaſting life,
Of bliſs, and truth, and good;
Give us (that we may never thirſt)
To drink of Jesu's blood.

5 Fill every hungry ſoul, who cries,
From thine exhauſtleſs ſtore;
And let no one go empty hence,
But taſte, and pray for more.

6 Let all thy children, Lord, be fed
With the eternal Word;
Be wiſe, and ſtronger grow thereby,
Increaſing in the Lord.

HYMN 16. ANOTHER.

1 WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praiſe thee for thy word;
We bleſs thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming LORD.

2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But chears, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n:

3 So let thy preſent voice
Accompliſh thy deſign;
Diſtil on all our thirſty ſouls,
And conſecrate us thine.

4 Water thy ſacred ſeed,
And give it great increaſe;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

5 Then tho' we weeping ſow,
And tears our hours employ;
We know we ſhall return again,
And bring our ſheaves with joy.

6 Our lives now hid with CHRIST,
With him ſhall ſoon appear;
And we array'd in all his light,
Shall meet him in the air.

HYMN 17.

DESIRING THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Choſen and made peculiar ground;
A little ſpot encloſ'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

2 Like trees of myrrh and ſpice we ſtand,
Planted by GOD the Father's hand;
And all his ſprings in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, deſcend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our beſt ſpices flow abroad,
To entertain our SAVIOUR-GOD;
And faith and love and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

HYMN 18. INVITATION.

1 THE LORD of life and glory ſtands,
Aloud he cries and ſpreads his hands;
He calls ten thouſand ſinners round,
And ſends a voice from ev'ry wound.

2 "Attend, ye thirſty ſouls, draw near,
"And ſatiate all your wiſhes here;
"Behold, the living fountain flows,
"In ſtreams as various as your woes.

3 “ An ample pardon here I give,
“ And bid the ſentenc’d rebel live;
“ Shew him my Father’s ſmiling face,
“ And lodge him in his dear embrace.

4 “ I purge from ſin’s deteſted ſtain,
“ And make the crimſon white again;
“ Lead to celeſtial joys refin’d,
“ And laſting as the deathleſs mind.

5 “ Muſt I anew my pity prove,
“ Witneſs the words of melting love,
“ The guſhing tears, the lab’ring breath,
“ And all theſe ſcars of bleeding death.”

6 O Jesu, let me doubt no more,
But hear, and wonder, and adore;
And panting ſeek that fountain-head,
Whence waters ſo divine proceed.

7 Still near its ſtreams may I be found,
Long as I tread this earthly ground;
Till death ſhall make my ſtate remove,
To dwell for ever in thy love.

HYMN 19.

The Saviour’s Invitation. John vii. 37.

1 THE Saviour calls,—let ev’ry ear
Attend the heav’nly ſound;
Ye doubting ſouls, diſmiſs your fear,
Hope ſmiles reviving round.

2 For ev'ry thirſty, longing heart,
Here ſtreams of bounty flow,
And life and health, and bliſs impart,
To baniſh mortal woe.

3 Here ſprings of ſacred pleaſure riſe,
To eaſe your ev'ry pain,
(Immortal fountain! full ſupplies!)
Nor ſhall you thirſt in vain.

4 Ye ſinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let ſinners fly,
And take the bliſs thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

HYMN 20. Malachi iv. 2.

1 O Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe,
With healing in thy wing;
To my diſeas'd, my fainting ſoul,
Thy free ſalvation bring.

2 All clouds of pride and ſin diſpel
By thine all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all quick'ning pow'r,
From vile deſires ſet free,
Unite my ſcatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-loſt child receive;
Saviour, thy purchaſe own;
Bleſt Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy waiting creature crown.

HYMN 21. Panting after God.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whoſe height,
Whoſe depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I ſigh for thy repoſe;
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At reſt, till it finds reſt in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the ſun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repoſe in thee.

3 O hide this ſelf from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Let not one darling luſt ſurvive:
In all things may I nothing ſee,
Nothing deſire, or ſeek, but thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul, and ſay,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love, be all my choice.

HYMN 22.

A PRAYER FOR FAITH.

1 FATHER, I ſtretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyſelf from me,
Ah! whither ſhall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labour, to ſecure
My ſoul from endleſs death!

3 O JESU, could I thus believe,
I now ſhould feel thy pow'r;
Now my poor ſoul thou would'ſt receive,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My ſoul without it dies!

HYMN 23. ISAIAH IX. 2.

1 LIGHT of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling
Borders on the ſhades of death,
Come! and by thy love's revealing,
Diſſipate the clouds beneath:
The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
In our deepeſt darkneſs riſe!
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-ſight on our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chaſing all our fears, and chearing
Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifeſt the favour
God hath for our ranſom'd race;
Come, thou univerſal Saviour,
Come, and bring thy goſpel-grace.

3 Save us in thy great compaſſion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of ſalvation,
Give the pardon of our ſins!
By thine all-reſtoring merit,
Ev'ry burden'd ſoul releaſe;
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring ſpirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

HYMN 24. ZECHARIAH xiii. 1.

1 HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is!
Our ſin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive ſouls
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.

2 But there's a voice of ſov'reign grace
Sounds from God's ſacred word;
Ho! ye deſpairing ſinners, come,
And truſt upon the Lord.

3 O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief;
We wou'd believe thy promiſe, Lord;
O help our unbelief!

4 To the bleſt fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we waſh our ſpotted ſouls,
From crimes of deepeſt dye!

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!
Our reigning ſins ſubdue;
Drive the old dragon from his ſeat,
And form our ſouls anew.

6 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs worms,
On thy kind arm we fall;
Be thou our ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
Our Jesus and our all.

HYMN 25. Isa. xl. 29.

1 SON of God, thy bleſſing grant;
Still ſupply my ev'ry want;
Tree of life! thine influence ſhed,
With thy ſap my ſpirit feed.

2 Tendrel branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die;
Weak as helpleſs infancy,
O confirm my ſoul in thee!

3 Unſuſtain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the ſtrength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruiſed reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, ſave me to the end!
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlaſting praiſe!

HYMN 26. MIRACLES APPLIED.

1 O Lord! to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eye behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

2 Lotheſome, and foul, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I ſink beneath my ſin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

3 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy commands;
Open, O Lord! mine ear,
Bid me ſtretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in pray'r.

4 Silent, (alas! thou know'ſt how long!)
My voice I cannot raiſe;
But O! when thou ſhalt looſe my tongue,
The dumb ſhall ſing thy praiſe.

5 Lame, at the pool I ſtill am found,
Give, and my ſtrength employ;
Light as an hart I then ſhall bound,
The lame ſhall leap for joy.

6 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot ſee,
Nor ſinfulneſs of ſin.

7 But thou, they ſay, art paſſing by,
O let me find thee near!
"Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!"

8 Long have I waited in the way,
For thee, the heav'nly Light;
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
"Sinner, receive thy ſight."

HYMN 27. THE SAME.

1 JESU, REDEEMER, SAVIOUR, LORD,
The weary ſinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
Bid my corruptions end.

2 Thou canſt o'ercome this heart of mine,
Thou canſt victorious prove;
For everlaſting ſtrength is thine,
And everlaſting love.

3 Thy pow'rful Spirit can ſubdue
Unconquerable ſin;
Cleanſe my foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

4 Bound down with twice ten thouſand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call;
My ſoul in confidence ſhall riſe,
Shall riſe and break thro' all.

5 Speak, and the deaf ſhall hear thy voice,
The blind his ſight receive,
The dumb in ſongs of praiſe rejoice,
The heart of ſtone believe.

6 The Æthiop then ſhall change his ſkin,
The dead ſhall feel thy pow'r;
The potheſome leper ſhall be clean,
And I ſhall ſin abhor.

HYMN 28.

SPIRITUAL BARRENNESS.

1 MOST righteous GOD, my doom I bear,
My load of guilt, my pain and care,
Inſlav'd to baſe deſires;
Hard toiling for imbitter'd bread,
I mourn my barren ſoul o'erſpread
With curſed thorns and briers.

2 Death's ſentence in myſelf receive,
And duſt to duſt already cleave,
Exil'd from Paradiſe;
Haſt'ning to helliſh miſery,
JESUS, if unredeem'd by thee,
My ſoul for ever dies!

3 But JESUS hath my ſentence borne,
He did in my affliction mourn,
A man of ſorrows made;
A ſervant and a curſe for me,
He bore the utmoſt penalty,
He ſuffer'd in my ſtead.

4 I see him sweat great drops of blood,
I see him faint beneath my load!
The thorns his temples tear!
He bows his bleeding head and dies!
He lives! he mounts above the ſkies!
He claims my Eden there!

HYMN 29.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For theſe celeſtial lines.

2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repaſt;
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taſte.

3 Here ſprings of conſolation riſe,
To chear the fainting mind;
And thirſty ſouls receive ſupplies,
And ſweet refreſhment find.

4 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United rend the heart;
Here ſinners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging ſmart.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

6 O may theſe heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And ſtill new beauties may I ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light.

7 Divine inſtructor, gracious LORD!
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy ſacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 30. FOR A CLEAN HEART.

1 O For an heart to love my GOD!
An heart from ſin ſet free;
An heart that always feels the blood
So freely ſhed for me!

2 An heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only CHRIST is heard to ſpeak,
Where JESUS reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 An heart in every thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine:
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, LORD, of thine!

5 Thy tender heart is ſtill the ſame,
And melts at human woe:
Send down thy grace, O bleſſed Lamb!
That I thy love may know.

6 Thy holy nature, Lord! impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, beſt name of love.

HYMN 31.

Longing after GOD.

1 GReat God! indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my joy, my hope, my reſt;
The glories that compoſe thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt!

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Be thou my Father, and my God!
And make me thine by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon, thy ſervant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As trav'lers do in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 O may thy love inſpire my tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

HYMN 32. The poor Sinner.

1 GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive:

6 O may theſe heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And ſtill new beauties may I ſee,
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A copy, LORD, of thine!

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And melts at human woe:
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Be thou my Father, and my GOD!
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For thee I long, to thee I look;
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Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The LORD my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

HYMN 32. THE POOR SINNER.

1 GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive:

Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor;
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

3 Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myſelf I turn my eyes,
The chief of ſinners, I.
Take, O take me, as I am,
And let me loſe myſelf in thee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

HYMN 33. The same.

1 JESU, friend of ſinners, hear,
Yet once again, I pray;
From my debt of ſin ſet clear,
For I have nought to pay.
Speak, O ſpeak the kind releaſe;
A poor backſliding ſoul reſtore;
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

2 Sin's deceitfulneſs hath ſpread
An hardneſs o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit ſhed,
The ſtony ſhall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderneſs,
And let me feel thy ſoft'ning pow'r;
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

3 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the pow'r of ſin away,
Take ev'ry vain deſire:
Perfect me in holineſs,
Thine image to my ſoul reſtore;
Love me freely, ſeal my peace,
And bid me ſin no more.

HYMN 34. TO JESUS CHRIST.

1 JESU, JESU, King of ſaints,
Known to thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, ſelf-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, deareſt LORD.

2 Known to thee, whoſe eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim;
With an eye of love look down,
Help, LORD, help me, very ſoon.

3 Still I feel a fleſhly part,
Much corruption in my heart;
Oh! I'm very vile indeed,
Of thy blood I ſure have need.

4 Break, O break this heart of ſtone,
Form it for thy uſe alone;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

5 This be my ſupport in need,
That thou did'ſt ſo freely bleed;
Hence my hopes and joys ariſe,
From thy bloody ſacrifice.

6 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am ſick;
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well ſupplies my ev'ry want.

7 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exerciſe the ſhepherd's care;
Guard my weakneſs by thy grace,
Let me feel a conſtant peace.

HYMN 35. THE SAME.

1 GRound, O ground me on the Lamb,
Other Saviours I diſclaim;
Fix my heart on thee, to ſtay,
Do it, LORD, without delay.

2 Empty is created good,
I want more ſubſtantial food;
All is vanity beſide,
JESUS, and him crucify'd.

3 Fruitleſs is my ſearch to find
True ſerenity of mind,
Till I have with JESUS been,
And his ſmiling face have ſeen.

4 In thy preſence may I dwell,
Subject to thy holy will;
Show'r on me thy pow'r divine,
Mortify the man of ſin.

5 While I travel here beneath,
Thy kind influence on me breathe;
Reconcil'd to me appear,
And thy righteouſneſs bring near.

6 Grant me ſtill in grace to grow,
While a pilgrim here below;
Let me by thy Spirit move,
And with all my heart thee love.

HYMN 36. ABSENCE FROM GOD.

1 O Thou, whoſe tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble ſigh;
Whoſe hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From ſorrow's weeping eye.

2 See I low before thy throne of grace
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
Haſt thou not ſaid, Return?

3 And ſhall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only ſafe retreat.

4 Abſent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one chearing ray,
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How deſolate my way!

5 O ſhine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy ſhine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taſte of joys divine.

6 Thy preſence only can beſtow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my ſolace here below,
And my eternal joy.

HYMN 37. THE SAME.

1 DEAR LORD, attend my pray'r,
And all my wants relieve;
Come to my heart, and dwell thou there,
That thou in me may'ſt live.

2 In weakneſs I draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace:
Anſwer the ſinner's mournful cry,
And fill me with thy peace.

3 Thou read'ſt my naked breaſt;
For liberty I groan;
I ſigh in thee, my LORD, to reſt,
And worſhip thee alone.

4 Fain would I hate my ſin,
And ponder on thy love,
Till all be ſanctify'd within,
And my whole heart's above.

5 If trials vex my mind,
Cloſe to thy wounds I'll flee;
No refuge may I elſewhere find
No refuge but in thee.

6 To thee I recommend
My poor and trembling ſoul;
On thee for future grace depend,
Who art my all in all.

HYMN 38.

MEEKNESS AND HUMILITY.

1. LORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in ſpirit, meek in heart,
I ſhall as my Maſter be,
Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,
Nothing would I ſeek below;
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the LORD provides,
Wean'd from all the world beſides.

4 Father, fix my ſoul on thee;
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

5 O! that all may ſeek, and find
Every good in JESUS join'd!
Him let Iſrael ſtill adore,
Truſt him, praiſe him evermore.

HYMN 30. PSALM V.

1 O N thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace;
None without holineſs ſhall ſee
The glories of thy face:
In ſouls unholy, and unclean,
Thou never canſt delight;
Nor ſhall they, while unſav'd from ſin,
Appear before thy ſight.

2 But as for me, with humble fear,
I will approach thy gate;
Though moſt unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait:
I truſt in thine unbounded grace,
To all ſo freely given;
And worſhip t'ward thy holy place,
And lift my ſoul to heav'n.

3 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor ſuffer me to ſlide;
Point out the path before my face;
My God, be thou my guide!
O may I ne'er to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept and cover'd with the ſhield
Of thine almighty love.

HYMN 40.

Breathing after Holineſs.

1 O That the Lord wou'd guide my ways,
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my God would give me grace,
To know and do his will!

2 Lord, ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act a liar's part.

3 From vanity, Lord, turn mine eyes;
Let no corrupt deſign,
No covetous deſires ariſe
Within this ſoul of mine.

4 Order my footſteps by thy word,
And make my heart ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conſcience clear.

5 My ſoul hath gone too far aſtray,
My feet too often ſlip;
I would not, Lord, forget thy way;
Bring back thy wand'ring ſheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, my heart, or hands,
Offend againſt my God.

HYMN 41.

PREVENTING GRACE.

1 Oft haſt thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my requeſt,
And ſent thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected gueſt.

2 Oft when my pray'r was ſcarce begun,
Thou did'ſt thy grace impart,
And make thy pard'ning mercy known,
And ſeal it on my heart.

3 Why this profuſion of thy grace
On ſuch a worm as me?
Father, I aſk, in fixt amaze,
Explain the myſtery.

4 How canſt thou to a ſinner's cry
Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hear'ſt my Advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

HYMN 42. LUKE x. 42.

1 The one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary choſe with all her heart,
I wou'd purſue with heart and mind,
And ſeek unweary'd till I find.

2 But, O! I'm blind and ignorant;
The Spirit of the Lord I want,
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happineſs and God.

3 O Lord my God, to thee I pray;
Teach me to know, and find the way,
How I may have my ſins forgiv'n,
And ſafe, and ſurely get to heav'n.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may underſtand aright
The glorious goſpel-myſtery,
Which ſhews the way to heav'n and thee.

5 Hidden in Christ the treaſure lies,
That goodly pearl of ſo great price;
No other way but Christ there is
To endleſs happineſs and bliſs.

6 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God;
Who haſt redeem'd me by thy blood;
Unite my heart ſo faſt to thee,
That we may never parted be.

HYMN 43. A SINNER'S PRAYER.

1 When, gracious Lord, when ſhall it be,
That I ſhall find my all in thee;
The fulneſs of thy promiſe prove,
The ſeal of thine eternal love?

2 Thee, only thee, I fain wou'd find,
And caſt the world and fleſh behind;
An helpleſs ſoul, I come to thee,
With only ſin and miſery.

3 Lord, I am ſick, my ſickneſs cure;
I want, do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I ſtoop,
O lift the abject ſinner up.

4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my ſight;
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might;
An helper of the helpleſs be,
And let me find my ALL in thee.

HYMN 44. THE SAME.

1 O My Lord, what muſt I do?
Only thou the way canſt ſhew;
Thou canſt ſave me in this hour;
I have neither will nor pow'r:
God if over all thou art,
Greater than the ſinful heart;
Let it now on me be ſhewn,
Take away the heart of ſtone.

2 Take away my darling ſin,
Make me willing to be clean;
Make me willing to receive
What thy goodneſs waits to give:
Force me, Lord, with all to part,
Tear all idols from my heart;
Let thy pow'r on me be ſhewn,
Take away the heart of ſtone.

3 Jesu, mighty to renew,
Work in me to will and do;

Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride;
Stop the whirlwind of my will,
Bid corruptions [illegible] be still;
Now thy love almighty ſhew,
Make ev'n me a creature new.

4 Arm of GOD, thy ſtrength put on,
Bow the heavens, and come down;
All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aſpiring mountain low;
Conquer thy worſt foe in me,
Get thyſelf the victory;
Save the vileſt of the race,
Force me to be ſav'd by grace.

HYMN 45.

THE [illegible]

1 O That my load of ſin were gone!
O that I cou'd at laſt ſubmit,
At JESU's feet to lay it down,
To lay my ſoul at JESU's feet!

2 When ſhall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The GOD of my ſalvation ſee!
Weary, O LORD, thou know'ſt I am;
Yet ſtill I cannot come to thee.

3 Reſt for my ſoul I long to find;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And ſtamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would, but thou muſt give the pow'r,
My heart from ev'ry ſin releaſe;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy heav'nly peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping ſinner chear,
Let not my Jesus long delay;
Appear, in my hard heart appear,
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN 46. AN HUMBLE HOPE.

O What ſhall I do my Saviour to praiſe,
So faithful and true, ſo plenteous in grace;
So ſtrong to deliver, ſo good to redeem
The weakeſt believer that hangs upon him?

2 How happy the man whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And ſtill they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight ſhall be in thy name;
They ſhall as their right thy righteouſneſs claim;
Thy righteouſneſs wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in the preſence of God.

4 For thou art their boaſt, their glory and pow'r;
And I alſo truſt to ſee the glad hour,

My ſoul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of ſalvation, that lifts up my head.
5 Yes, Lord, I ſhall ſee the bliſs of thine own,
Thy mercy to me ſhall ſoon be made known;
For ſorrow and ſadneſs, I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs of all that believe.

HYMN 47.

THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

1 THE voice of my Beloved ſounds
Over the rocks and riſing grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and ſeas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
2 Now thro' the veil of fleſh I ſee,
With eyes of love he looks on me;
Now in the Goſpel's cleareſt glaſs,
He ſhews the beauties of his face.
3 Gently he draws my heart along
Both with his beauties, and his tongue;
"Riſe, ſaith my LORD, and come away,
"No mortal joys are worth thy ſtay."
4 Lo! glad I come; and thou, bleſt Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

HYMN 48. HUMILIATION.

1 SHEW pity, LORD, O LORD forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great GOD, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
LORD, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, LORD,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 49. THE SAME.

PSALM LI.

1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie;
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 I cannot live without thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight;
Thy ſaving grace, O Lord, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

3 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Its help and comfort ſtill afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt,
And owns thy awful ſentence juſt;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And ſave a ſoul condemn'd to die.

5 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign grace,
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.

HYMN 50. The Same.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in ſin,
And born unholy, and unclean;
Sprung from the man whoſe guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The ſeeds of ſin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3 Great God! create my heart anew,
And form my ſpirit pure and true;
O make me wiſe betimes, to ſpy
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leproſy lies deep within.

5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power ſufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as ſnow,
No other thing can cleanſe me ſo.

6 While guilt diſturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor fleſh, nor ſoul hath reſt or eaſe;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

HYMN 52. THE SAME.

1 LORD, I would ſpread my ſore diſtreſs
And guilt before thine eyes;
Againſt thy laws, againſt thy grace,
How high my crimes ariſe!

2 I from the ſtock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is ſhame,
And all my nature ſin.

3 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juſter prey for death.

4 Cleanſe me, O Lord, and chear my ſoul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken ſpirit whole,
And bid my ſins remove.

5 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

6 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the ſons of men;
Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy throne,
And turn to God again.

HYMN 52. For Seriousness.

1 Thou God of glorious majeſty!
To thee, againſt myſelf, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry;
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endleſs bliſs or pain,
A ſinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded ſeas I ſtand,
Secure—inſenſible!
A point of time, a moment's ſpace,
Removes me to that heav'nly place,
Or ſhuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmoſt ſoul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impreſs;
Give me to feel their ſolemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteouſneſs.

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds ſhalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, ſhall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my great one buſ'neſs here,
With ſerious induſtry and fear,
My future bliſs t'enſure!
Thine utmoſt counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my ſoul receive,
Tranſported from the vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
And hope in full ſupreme delight,
And everlaſting love.

HYMN 53.

THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

1 HARK! my ſoul, it is the LORD!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
JESUS ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee,
Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me!

2 I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, ſet thee right,
Turn'd thy darkneſs into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Ceaſe toward the child ſhe bare?
Yes, ſhe may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, ſtrong as death.

5 Thou ſhalt ſee my glory ſoon,
When the work of grace is done
Partner of my throne ſhalt be,
Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me?

6 LORD, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

HYMN 54.

THE DAY OF ESPOUSALS.

1 SWEET was the hour, the minutes ſweet,
When my Beloved me did meet,
His death to evidence:
My heart, which wounded was before,
Kindly he bound; therein did pour
Love's healing quinteſſence.

2 Death's heritage he then laid waſte,
And calm'd each ſtormy furious blaſt,
And cancel'd all my ſins;
Placing his croſs before my eyes,
"Look to me, and be ſav'd," he cries,
From death thy life begins.

3 Sweet was the feaſt my heart enjoy'd,
I ate, I drank, nor was I cloy'd,
For more I thirſted ſtill:
Here let me ſtay, I longing pray'd,
Sure this is Achor's vale, I ſaid,
Or holy Tabor's hill.

4 His left hand under me was plac'd,
And his right hand my ſoul embrac'd,
His kindneſs ſweet did prove:
Safely I ſat beneath his ſhade,
Quite round my ſoul he overſpread
His canopy of love.

5 I ſung, aſſur'd of Jesu's love,
Refreſh'd with manna from above,
For fleſh no more I cry'd:
Warm'd with the ſun's enliv'ning beams,
I laid me down at Shiloh's ſtreams,
Content and ſatisfy'd.

6 Untouch'd by Satan's envious crew,
Upon my fleece, like drops of dew,
His free grace did deſcend:
Strangers in vain attempt to tell
The joy immenſe, unſpeakable,
I found in Christ my friend.

7 Thus freed from bondage, I did prove
The ſweets of his redeeming love,
And baſk'd in ſunny beams:
In this ſweet frame may I rejoice,
Still hearken to my Saviour's voice,
Still drink thoſe living ſtreams!

HYMN. 55. THE PETITION.

1 O Deareſt Lord, give me an heart
Inflam'd with love to thee;
That thro' thy tedious toil and ſmart,
My ſoul may happy be.

2 I want, O Lord, from ſin to flee,
And in thy wounds to reſt;
Bid me by faith come near to thee,
And lean upon thy breaſt.

3 Still let a ſenſe of what thou'ſt done,
In my hard heart be felt,
That by the love to me thou'ſt ſhewn,
My inmoſt ſoul may melt.

4 O may I never, never faint,
Refreſh'd by ſtreams of love;
Till in thy glory, as a ſaint,
I live with thoſe above.

5 O may I now my all give up
To thee my deareſt Lord;
And wait with all thy ſaints to ſup
Around the feſtal board.

HYMN 56.

CHRIST PRECIOUS TO A BELIEVER.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain wou'd I ſound it out ſo loud
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport, and my truſt;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wiſh,
In thee moſt richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4 O may thy grace ſtill cheer my heart,
And ſhed its fragrance there;
The nobleſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name
With my laſt lab'ring breath;
When ſpeechleſs, claſp thee in my arms;
My joy in life and death!

HYMN 57.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

1 Come let us join our chearful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the ſky,
And air, and earth, and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe.

5 Let all creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him, that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 58.

CHRIST OUR WISDOM.

1 How heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes;
Till CHRIST with his reviving light,
Upon our ſouls ariſe?

2 Our guilty ſpirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
But in his righteouſneſs array'd,
We ſee our ſins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways
His hands infected nature cure,
With ſanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our ſouls in vain;
He ſets the ſons of bondage free,
And breaks the curſed chain.

5 LORD, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God;
Thy ſov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN 59.

CHRIST'S COMPASSION TO THE TEMPTED.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
  Of our High prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
  His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
  He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
  For he hath felt the ſame.

3 He in the days of feeble fleſh
  Pour'd out ſtrong cries and tears;
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
  What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
  But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
  Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

5 Then let our humble faith addreſs
  His mercy and his pow'r;
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
  In the diſtreſſing hour.

HYMN 68. HOLY LOVE.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt;
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And perfects all the reſt.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign,
If love be abſent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In ſwift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and ſings,
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings,
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

5 When join'd to that harmonious throng,
That fills the choirs above;
Then ſhall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be love.

HYMN 61.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

1 MY GOD, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkeſt ſhades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun!
Thou art my ſoul's bright morning-ſtar,
And thou my riſing ſun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
When JESUS ſhews his mercy's mine,
And whiſpers, I AM HIS.

4 My ſoul cou'd leave this heavy clay,
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way
To meet and praiſe my LORD.

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 62.

CHRIST'S LOVE UNIVERSAL.

1 THE Saviour's love once truly known,
The man of ſin, and ſelf pulls down;
Humbles the ſinner at his feet,
And makes his wounds and paſſion ſweet.

2 Bow'd down in ſhame we gladly own
The work to be the LORD's alone;
To him our very all we owe,
What of ourſelves, or GOD, we know.

3 Our works no longer then we praiſe,
Nothing extol but Jesu's grace;
Free and unmerited we prove
The boundleſs height and depth of love.

4 While thus we learn the needful part,
Shame fills, love warms the grateful heart;
While on his ſuff'ring form we muſe,
Our cares and very thoughts we loſe.

5 We ſtand amaz'd, and wonder why
The Saviour cou'd for ſinners die;
We bluſh to ſee him in his blood,
Yet here we look, and drop our load.

6 Then, O my ſoul, how canſt thou be
So cold to him, who dy'd for thee!
All bleſſings from the croſs proceed,
Look there, my ſoul, in all thy need.

HYMN 63. PHIL. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the LORD is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals give thanks, and ſing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice.

4 He ſits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes ſubmit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice.

5 He all his foes ſhall quell,
Shall all our ſins deſtroy,
And ev'ry boſom ſwell
With pure ſeraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, Rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his ſervants up
To their eternal home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God ſhall ſound, Rejoice.

HYMN 64.

THE BELIEVER'S REQUEST.

1 JESUS, the Saviour of my ſoul,
Be thou my heart's delight;
Remain the ſame to me alway,
My joy by day and night.

2 Hungry and thirſty after thee
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and happy hope,
By thy almighty power.

3 O may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am;
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.

4 May thy blest Spirit in my heart,
Sweetly diffuse abroad
The love of God, th' incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.

5 In deep remembrance I would
With all my heart retain
Th' atonement made by Jesu's blood,
And all his wounds and pains.

6 The myst'ry of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the flesh and blood of CHRIST
My choicest dainty be.

HYMN 65.

DESIRING ASSURANCE OF GOD'S FAVOUR.

1 ETERNAL source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires:
O could I say, "The LORD is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.

2 Thy grace can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd,
Substantial bliss without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy trouble cease;
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,
And sweeten pain to peace.

4 My hope, my truſt, my life, my Lord,
Aſſure me of thy love;
O ſpeak the kind tranſporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

5 Then ſhall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heav'nly rapture tunes my voice,
To ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

HYMN 66.

THE NEW COVENANT SEALED.

1 "The promiſe of my Father's love
"Shall ſtand for ever good;"
He ſaid, and gave his ſoul to death,
And ſeal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I ſet my worthleſs name;
I ſeal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and ſtrength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory ſhall be mine;
My life and ſoul, my heart and fleſh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jeſus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bleſs'd us in his will,
And to his teſtament of love
Made his own life the ſeal.

HYMN 67.

CHRIST OUR ONLY REFUGE.

1 How bleſt are they, whoſe feet have found
The way unto IMMANUEL's ground;
And ſteadfaſtly do walk therein,
Far from the crooked paths of ſin!

2 Their weary ſpirits ſweetly reſt
Contentedly on JESU's breaſt;
They ſo much of his mercy prove,
As that they cannot help but love.

3 In peace their hearts enjoy the Lamb,
Who once was wrapt in human frame;
They view within his bloody rays,
The object of eternal praiſe.

4 His Spirit ſhews their ſins forgiv'n,
And ſeals them for the heirs of heav'n;
And gives them patience here to wait
Till JESUS them to bliſs tranſlate.

5 He arms them for the evil day,
And while in heart with him they ſtay,
He guides them with his mighty pow'r,
And brings them thro' the trying hour.

6 Then [illegible] upon thy Lord,
Ev'n Jesus Christ, the living Word,
And then thy joy shall never decay,
Till it [illegible] day.

HYMN 68. EPHES. ii. 13.

1 OF him who did ſalvation bring,
I cou'd for ever think and ſing;
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye poor, he will relieve.

2 Eternal Lord, almighty King!
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring.
Thou conquer'ſt all, beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love.

3 Aſk but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n;
Aſk, and he turns your hell to heav'n:
Tho' ſin and ſorrow wound my ſoul,
Jesu, thy balm can make it whole.

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my courſe,
And draw me on with thy ſweet force;
Still make me walk, ſtill make me tend,
Be thee my way, to God my end.

HYMN 69. To Jesus Christ.

1 O Thou in whom the Gentiles truſt,
Thou only holy, only juſt;
O tune our ſouls to praiſe thy name,
Jesus! unchangeable, the ſame!

2 If angels, whilſt in hoſts they ſing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing,
How ſhall we ſinful duſt draw nigh
Thy great and awful Majeſty?

3 Glory to thee, auſpicious Lamb!
Thou holy LORD, thou great I AM!
With all our pow'rs thy grace we bleſs,
Our joy, our peace, our righteouſneſs!

4 Live, ever-glorious Jesus! live,
Worthy all bleſſings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to ſit,
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet!

5 Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curſe for ſinful man;
Let angels ſound the ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay AMEN.

HYMN 70.

1 HAIL, thou once deſpiſed Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Who didſt ſuffer to releaſe us,
Who didſt free ſalvation bring!
Hail, thou univerſal Saviour,
Who haſt born our ſin and ſhame,
By whoſe merits we find favour,
Life is given thro' thy name!

2 Paſcal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our ſins were on thee laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou haſt full atonement made;
Ev'ry ſin may be forgiv'n,
Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heav'n,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly hoſts adore thee,
Seated at my Father's ſide;
There for ſinners thou art pleading,
Spare them yet another year;—
Thou for ſaints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

4 Worſhip, honour, pow'r and bleſſing,
Christ is worthy to receive—
Loudeſt praiſes without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic ſpirits,
Bring your ſweeteſt, nobleſt lays,
Help to ſing Christ Jesu's merits,
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praiſe.

HYMN 71. THE SAME.

1 Come, let us all unite to praiſe
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in ſolemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how ſhall duſt his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of man.

3 O Lord, we cannot ſilent be,
By love we are conſtrain'd
To offer our beſt thanks to thee,—
Our Saviour, and our friend!

4 Tho' feeble are our beſt eſſays,
Thy love will not deſpiſe
Our grateful ſongs of humble praiſe,
Our well-meant ſacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſhow,
And ſpread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praiſe o'erflow,
And bleſs thy ſacred name!

6 Worſhip and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus giv'n!
By men below,—by hoſts above,—
By all in earth and heav'n!

HYMN 72. Redeeming love.

1 Now begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye, who Jesu's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who ſee the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

3 Mourning ſouls, dry up your tears,
Baniſh all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin;
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop—and taſte redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome all to Jesus CHRIST;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He ſubdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their curſed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Hither then your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each joyful ſtring;
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

HYMN 73. A PRAYER.

1 BE with me, LORD, where'er I go,
Learn me what thou wou'd'ſt have me do;
Suggeſt whate'er I think or ſay;
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me, leſt I harbour pride;
Leſt I in my own ſtrength confide;
Shew me my weakneſs, let me ſee
I have my pow'r, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me alway with thy love;
My kind protector ever prove;
Thy ſignet put upon my breaſt,
And let thy Spirit on me reſt.

4 Aſſiſt, and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'ſt, that let me flee,
And only love what pleaſes thee.

5 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine fulfil;
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be ſpent and ended to thy praiſe.

HYMN 74. PSALM xciii.

1 YE ſervants of GOD,
Your maſter proclaim;
And publiſh abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all-victorious
Of JESUS extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 GOD ruleth on high,
Almighty to ſave;
And ſtill he is nigh,
His preſence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing ſalvation
To JESUS our King.

3 Salvation to GOD,
Who ſits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
Our JESUS's praiſes
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worſhip the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and pow'r,
And wiſdom and might:

All honour and bleſſing,
With angels above,
And thanks never-ceaſing,
And infinite love.

HYMN 75. TE DEUM.

1 HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praiſe
Thy goodneſs and pow'r,
Thou GOD of all grace;
With honour and bleſſing
Before thee we fall,
Moſt gladly confeſſing
Thee Father of all.

2 The heav'ns and earth,
And water and air,
To thee owe their birth,
Subſiſt by thy care;
While angels are ſinging
Thy praiſes above,
We mortals are bringing
Our tribute of love.

3 Thou, Saviour, art one
With GOD the ſupreme,
His eternal Son,
And equal with him:
Inveſted with glory,
On high doſt thou ſit,
While angels adore thee,
And bow at thy feet.

4 How great was thy love!
How wond'rous thy grace!
Thou cam'ſt from above
To ſave a loſt race;
And man to deliver,
Of woman was born,
That every believer
To God might return.

5 How ſoon will thy ſeat
Of judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet,
And welcome thee there!
Thy witneſſing Spirit
In us ſhed abroad,
And bid us inherit
The kingdom of God!

HYMN 76.

UNDER TEMPTATION.

1 JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my ſoul at laſt!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my truſt on thee is ſtay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing,

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raiſe the fallen, chear the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind;
Juſt and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteouſneſs!
Vile, and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin;
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Riſe to all eternity!

HYMN 77.

CHRIST OUR GREAT MELCHISEDEC.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No muſic like thy charming name,
Nor half ſo ſweet can be!
O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us ſpeak!
And in our Prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great MELCHISEDEC.

2 Our JESUS ſhall be ſtill our theme,
While in this world we ſtay;
We'll ſing our JESU's lovely name,
When all things elſe decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng;
Then will we ſing more ſweet and loud,
And CHRIST ſhall be our ſong.

HYMN 78.

CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

1 JESU, thy blood and righteouſneſs,
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
'Midſt flaming worlds in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

2 When from the duſt of death I riſe,
To claim my manſions in the ſkies,
E'en then ſhall this be all my plea,
"JESUS hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."

3 Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge ſhall lay?
Fully thro' thee abſolv'd I am
From ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

4 Thus ABRAHAM the friend of GOD,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears,
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of CHRIST is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

HYMN 79.

THE GREATNESS AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majeſty;
His glory ſhines with beams ſo bright,
No mortal can ſuſtain the ſight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His juſtice guards his holy law;
His love reveals his ſmiling face;
His truth and promiſe ſeal the grace,

3 Thro' all his works his wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles Satan's deep deſigns;
His pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt counſels of his will.

4 And will JEHOVAH condeſcend
To be my Father and my Friend!
Then let my ſongs with Angels join;
Heav'n is ſecure, if GOD be mine.

HYMN 80.

1 O Heavenly King,
Look down from above;
Aſſiſt us to ſing
Thy mercy and love:
So ſweetly o'erflowing,
So plenteous the ſtore,
Thou ſtill art beſtowing,
And giving us more.

2 O GOD of our life,
We hallow thy name;
Our bus'neſs and ſtrife
Is thee to proclaim:
Accept our thankſgiving
For creating grace;
The living, the living
Shall ſhew forth thy praiſe.

3 Our Father and Lord,
Almighty art thou;
Preſerv'd by thy Word,
We worſhip thee now:
The bountiful donor
Of all we enjoy;
Our tongues to thine honour,
And lives we'll employ.

4 But O, above all
Thy kindneſs we praiſe,
From ſin and from thrall
Which ſaves a loſt race;
Thy Son thou haſt giv'n
A world to redeem,
And bring us to heav'n,
Whoſe truſt is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love
We ſing and rejoice,
With angels above
We lift up our voice;
Thy love each believer
Shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever,
When time is no more.

HYMN 81.

DESIRING PERSEVERANCE.

1 HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail!
Author of all our faith,
The finiſher of all our hopes,
The truth, the life, the path.

2 Hail, firſt and laſt, the morning-ſtar,
In whom we live and move;
Increaſe our little ſpark of faith,
And purify our love.

3 Let that belief which JESUS taught,
Be treaſur'd in our breaſt;
The evidence of unſeen joys,
The ſubſtance of our reſt.

4 O let us go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
From grace to greater grace,
From one degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

HYMN 82.

STRIVING TO PRAISE CHRIST.

1 LET us the ſheep by JESUS nam'd,
Our Shepherd's mercy bleſs;
Let us, whom JESUS hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulneſs.

2 Not unto us, to thee alone,
Be praiſe and glory giv'n;
Here ſhall thy praiſes be begun,
But carry'd on in heav'n.

3 The hoſts of ſpirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems ſing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

4 Had we our tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like theirs our ſongs ſhou'd riſe;
Like them we never ſhou'd be tir'd,
But love the ſacrifice.

5 Till we this veil of fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praiſe.

HYMN 83.

RESTING UNDER THE CROSS.

1 CHILDREN of Iſrael, ſee what ſhade
The croſs does us afford;
It was for weary trav'lers made;
We thank thee for it, Lord.

2 Here let us ſit, and all prepare
To ſing his worthy fame;
Who to redeem us ſojourn'd here,
CHRIST JESUS is his name.

3 We ſing thy ſuff'rings, wounds and blood,
The virtue of thy pain:
We ſing thy griefs, thou dying GOD,
Thou Lamb for ſinners ſlain.

4 We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the knee;
Hail! very GOD, the promis'd child,
The prophets ſung of thee.

5 While others praiſe an unknown GOD,
We each will ſing of thee;
JESUS has waſh'd me in his blood,
And liv'd, and dy'd for me.

HYMN 84.

PRIVILEGES OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

1 BLESSED are the ſons of GOD,
They are bought with CHRIST's own blood;
They are ranſom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they ſhall have:
GOD did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

2 They the ſeal of this receive,
When on JESUS they believe;
They are juſtify'd by grace,
They enjoy a ſolid peace:

All their ſins are waſh'd away,
They ſhall ſtand in God's great day:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteouſneſs;
They are harmleſs, meek and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd:
They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heav'nly birth:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

4 Born of God, they hate all ſin,
God's pure ſeed remains within;
They have fellowſhip with God,
Thro' the mediator's blood:
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

5 Tho' they ſuffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleaſures that can never cloy;
They alone are truly bleſt,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

HYMN 85.

1 O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God!
Come, waſh us in thy cleanſing blood;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever cloſ'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breaſts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou ſhou'dſt man to glory bring!
Make ſlaves the part'ners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!

4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our ſcanty thought,
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable.

5 Firſt-born of many brethren, thou;
To thee both earth and heav'n muſt bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

HYMN 86.

1 O Jesu, Jesu, deareſt Lord,
How wond'rous is thy love!
Thy patience, pity, tenderneſs,
Which I each moment prove!

2 O Lord, how faithleſs is my heart,
How apt to turn aſide;
And wander in its own deceits,
Of reaſoning and pride!

3 Yet, deareſt Saviour, love me ſtill,
The pooreſt, and the worſt;
For well I know where ſin abounds,
Thy grace abounds the moſt.

4 Yet let me not thy grace abuſe,
And ſin becauſe thou'rt good;
But let thy love fill me with ſhame,
That I thy love withſtood.

5 Saviour of ſinners, now do this;
Let me not turn away
From thy dear croſs and bleeding wounds,
But bind me there to ſtay!

6 On me, my King, exert thy pow'r,
Make old things paſs away;
Create all new, and draw me ſtill,
Still nearer ev'ry day.

7 I thank and praiſe thee, deareſt Lord,
For all that thou haſt done:
O take me to thee as I am,
For thy redeemed one.

HYMN 87.

1 DIſciples of Christ,
Ye friends of the Lamb;
Attend, and aſſiſt
In ſinging his fame;
Eternal thankſgiving
The faithful ſhou'd pay,
The living, the living,
As we do this day.

2 A body of clay
He humbly put on,
And then took away
The ſin we had done;
And in it endured
The wrath to us due,
The curſe we incurred,
Our ſtripes and our wo.

3 Not only he dy'd,
But alſo aroſe;
Laid weakneſs aſide,
And tred on his foes,
(Sin, death and the devil,)
He triumphed o'er;
And every evil
Dominion and pow'r.

4 O merciful Lamb,
Who ſit'ſt on the throne;
We bow at thy name;
We count thee alone

Deſerving our bleſſing;
And bleſſing we'll give,
Without ever ceaſing,
So long as we live.

HYMN 88. Rejoicing in hope.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin to praiſe;
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore!
Send down thy grace, O bleſſed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road;
And march with courage in thy ſtrength,
To ſee the Lord my God.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My ſoul redeem'd from ſin and hell,
Shall thy ſalvation ſing.

5 My tongue ſhall all the day proclaim
My Saviour, and my God;
His death hath brought my foes to ſhame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful ſong
I'll entertain the darkeſt hours,
Nor think the ſeaſon long.

HYMN 89. TRUE FAITH.

1 O Love, thou bottomleſs abyſs!
My ſins are ſwallow'd up in thee:
Cover'd is my unrighteouſneſs,
From condemnation I am free;
Whilſt JESU's blood thro' earth and ſkies,
Mercy, free boundleſs mercy! cries.

2 With faith I plunge me in that ſea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my reſt;
Hither, when hell aſſaults, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breaſt,
Away, ſad doubts and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

3 Tho' waves and ſtorms go o'er my head,
Tho' ſtrength, and health, and friends be gone,
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfaſt on this my ſoul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies!

4 Fixt on this ground wou'd I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and fleſh decay;
This anchor ſhall my ſoul ſuſtain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full pow'r I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting love.

HYMN 90.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION.

1 FATHER, (if thou my Father art)
Send forth the Spirit of thy Son;
Breathe him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known;
Make me thy conſcious child, that I
May Father, *Abba*, Father, cry!

2 O that the Comforter wou'd come,
Nor viſit as a tranſient gueſt;
But fix in me his conſtant home,
And keep poſſeſſion of my breaſt;
And make my ſoul his lov'd abode,
The temple of th' in-dwelling GOD!

3 Come, holy Ghoſt, my ſoul inſpire,
Atteſt that I am born again;
Come and baptize me, LORD, with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
O grant the ſenſe of ſin forgiv'n,
O grant the earneſt of my heav'n.

4 O give th' indiſputable ſeal,
That aſcertains the kingdom mine!
That pow'rful ſtamp I long to feel,
The ſignature of love divine:
O ſhed it in my heart abroad,
Fulneſs of love, of heav'n, of GOD!

HYMN 91.

A PRAYER FOR GRACE.

1 AH! LORD, how faithleſs is my heart,
How very apt from thee to ſtray!
Juſt like a broken bow I ſtart,
And nature ſtrives to bear the ſway.
Was ever one ſo vile, ſo bleſt!
So foul, yet by the Lamb careſs'd!

2 Forbid, O LORD, each vain deſire,
And bind my paſſions to thy croſs;
Quench all the ſparks of nature's fire,
And bid me count my gain but loſs:
LORD JESUS, tear each idol down,
And 'ſtabliſh in my heart thy throne.

3 O let thy grace wipe off my tears,
And ſpeak the tempeſt to a calm:
O warm my heart, and charm my fears,
Be thou a never-failing balm;
The maladies of ſin remove,
And fill my ſoul with heav'nly love.

4 Henceforth I'd ſerve thee, if thou'lt pleaſe
To gird me with an heav'nly pow'r;
I'd ſing the glories of thy grace
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er:
With hallow'd fire inſpire my tongue,
And love ſhall be my endleſs ſong.

HYMN 92.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

1 GIVE to our GOD immortal praiſe;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

2 Give to the LORD of lords renown,
The KING of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When lords & kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

4 He fills the ſun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When ſuns & moons ſhall ſhine no more.

5 He ſent his Son with pow'r to ſave
From guilt, and darkneſs, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

HYMN 93.

AN HAPPY MOMENT.

1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my weary, troubled ſpirit
Now finds reſt in thee, my GOD;
I am ſafe, and I am happy,
Whilſt in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,
Whilſt the Saviour is ſo nigh.

2 Now I'll ſing of JESU's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name;
That if any want his Spirit,
He is ſtill the very ſame;
He that aſketh, ſoon receiveth,
He that ſeeks, is ſure to find;
Come, for whoſoe'er believeth,
He will never caſt behind.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father and our GOD;
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchaſe of his blood:
Now methinks I hear him praying,
“ Father, ſave them, I have dy'd;”
And the Father anſwers, ſaying,
“ They are freely juſtify'd.”

HYMN 94.

1 THroughout the Saviour's life we trace
Nothing but ſhame and deep diſgrace,
No period elſe is ſeen;
Till he a ſpotleſs victim fell,
Taſting in ſoul a painful hell,
Caus'd by the creatures fall.

2 On the cold ground methinks I ſee
My Jesus kneel, and pray for me;
For this I him adore:
Seiz'd with a chilly ſweat throughout,
Blood-drops did force their paſſage out,
Thro' ev'ry open'd pore.

3 A pricking thorn his temples bore,
His back with laſhes all was tore,
Till one the bones might ſee;
Mocking they puſh'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tear,
Preſs'd by the heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock, and make their game;
At length his croſs they rear;
And can you ſee the mighty God
Cry out beneath ſin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies in anguiſh on the tree;
What tongue his griefs can tell?
The ſhudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The mourning ſun refus'd to ſhine,
When the Creator fell.

6 Shout, brethren, ſhout in ſongs divine;
He drank the gall to give us wine
To quench our parching thirſt:
Seraphs advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
And laud thy precious CHRIST.

HYMN 95.

1 O Thou tender loving JESUS,
Now thy ſaving grace impart;
From the world and Satan ſave us,
Save us from our evil heart:
Throw thine arms in mercy open;
Bid, O bid us, JESUS come;
Let our flinty hearts be broken,
Falling on the corner-ſtone.

2 Here for ever let us enter,
Steady, tho' aſſail'd by ſin;
Forward may we ſtoutly venture,
Till eternal life we win:
Baniſh ev'ry reaſ'ning ſcruple,
Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud;
Our poor hearts, O JESUS, ſprinkle,
Sprinkle with thy precious blood.

3 When our cheating feelings ſicken,
And a veil our ſouls o'erſpreads;
Then with grace our ſpirits quicken,
And raiſe up our drooping heads;
When our fooliſh hearts would wander
From the ſource of real joy;
Call us back, but not in anger,
Leſt thy fury us deſtroy.

4 Arm us from thy heav'nly ſtorehouſe,
Still diſplay thy banner high;
March victorious on before us,
Make the world and Satan fly:
When thy meſſenger arraigns us,
To cloſe up our weary eyes,
In that needy hour ſuſtain us,
Till we graſp the heav'nly prize.

HYMN 96.

ADORING CHRIST.

1 O For a thouſand tongues to ſing
My dear Redeemer's praiſe!
The glories of my GOD and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 JESUS, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our ſorrows ceaſe;
'Tis muſic in the ſinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd ſin,
He ſets the priſ'ners free;
His blood can make the fouleſt clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He ſpeaks, and liſt'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praiſe, ye dumb,
Your looſen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

HYMN 97. CONFIDENCE.

L. M.

1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart & tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong:
Angels ſhall bear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

2 I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, LORD,
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works, and names below,
So much thy pow'r and glory ſhew.

3 To GOD I cry'd when trouble roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my foes;
He did my riſing fears controul,
And ſtrength diffus'd thro' all my ſoul.

4 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld, and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will compleat what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows, or from ſins;
The work that wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

HYMN 98.

LIFE AND SAFETY IN CHRIST ALONE.

1 THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend;
And can my ſoul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go,
A wretched wand'rer, from my LORD?
Can this dark world of ſin and wo,
One glimpſe of happineſs afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On theſe my fainting ſpirit lives;
Here ſweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One ſmile, one bliſsful ſmile of thine,
My deareſt LORD, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmoſt powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more;
'Tis endleſs ruin, deep deſpair!

6 Low at thy feet my ſoul would lie;
Here ſafety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

HYMN 99. THE SAME.

1 O Dear Redeemer, who alone
Canſt give me eaſe in pain;
Whoſe blood did once for ſin atone,
And pardon for me again.

2 I once was wholly dead in ſin,
And ignorant of thee;
And walk'd contentedly therein,
Nor knew thy love to me.

3 But thine all-ſeeing eye then view'd,
And mark'd my ev'ry way,
And ſtill in tender love purſu'd
Me, who from thee did ſtray.

4 Thy name is now thro' grace become
More precious to my ſoul,
Than ſweeteſt ſmell of rich perfume,
Or Aaron's precious oil.

5 Without thy favour tho' I live,
Life but a burden is:
Nought elſe can ſatisfy my ſoul,
Experience ſhews me this.

6 My faithleſs heart, O Saviour dear,
Correct with gentle hand;
In every danger be thou near,
Alone I cannot ſtand.

HYMN 101.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

1 THE glories of my Maker, GOD,
My joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that ſhap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame,
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler ſpirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our tongues;
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
And join th' angelic ſongs.

4 Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and ſeas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour ſhine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praiſe him in your unwearied courſe,
Around the ſteady pole.

6 The brightneſs of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN 101.

A DIVINE RAPTURE.

1 FROM thee, my GOD, my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my ſoul
Shall death itſelf outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my bleſſed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long Eternity
In pleaſure and in praiſe.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;
And endleſs ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus, ev'ry ſmile of thine
Shall freſh endearments bring,
And thouſand taſtes of new delight
From all thy graces ſpring.

6 Haſte, my Beloved, fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſs'd abode,
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My Saviour and my God.

HYMN 102.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy ſhining grace can chear
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell.

3 The ſmilings of thy face,
How lovely, Lord, they are!
'Tis heav'n to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs;
They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Nor earth, nor all the ſky,
Can one delight afford;
No not one drop of real joy,
Without thy preſence, Lord.

6 Be thou the ſea of love,
Where all my pleaſures roll;
The circle where my paſſions move,
And center of my ſoul.

7 To thee my ſpirits fly,
With fulneſs of deſire;
Yet very far from thee I lie,
Lord Jesus, raiſe me higher.

HYMN 103.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

1 Plung'd in a gulph of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one chearing beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

5 Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 104.

PROTECTION FROM ENEMIES.

1 ARISE, my ſoul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in thy GOD;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of ſin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlaſting love
Beneath my ſoul he plac'd;
And on the Rock of ages ſet
My ſlippery footſteps faſt.

4 The city of my bleſt abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark ſtands,
To ſhield the ſacred place.

5 Satan may vent his ſharpeſt ſpite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Ariſe, my ſoul, awake, my voice,
And ſongs of praiſes ſing;
Loud hallelujahs ſhall addreſs
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN 105.

GOD OUR ONLY HAPPINESS.

1 MY GOD, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting all;
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my GOD.

3 In vain the bright the burning ſun,
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed,
Amidſt the ſhades I roll,
If my Redeemer raiſe my head,
'Tis morning with my ſoul.

5 To thee we own our wealth and friends,
And health, and ſafe abode;
We praiſe thy name for all theſe things,
But they are not my GOD.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee!
And what's my ſafety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own;
Without thy graces, and thyſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore;
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

HYMN 106.

FAITH'S CLAIM.

1 ALL ye that paſs by
To JESUS draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that JESUS ſhou'd die?
Your ranſom and peace,
Your ſurety he is,
Come ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

For what you have done
His blood muſt atone;
The Father hath puniſh'd for you his dear
Son;
He anſwer'd for all,
O come at his call,
And low at his croſs with aſtoniſhment fall.

3 For you and for me
He pray'd on the tree;
The pray'r is accepted, the ſinner is free;
That ſinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

4 My pardon I claim,
For a ſinner I am,
A ſinner believing in Jesus's name;
He purchas'd the grace
Which now I embrace,
O Father, thou know'ſt he hath dy'd in
my place.

5 His death is my plea,
My Advocate ſee,
And hear the blood ſpeak, that hath
anſwer'd for me,
Acquitted I was,
When he bled on the croſs,
And by loſing his life he hath carry'd
my cauſe.

HYMN 107.

THE WAY TO CANAAN.

1 Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment;
The King's highway of holineſs;
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Becauſe I could not ceaſe from ſin.

4 The more I ſtrove againſt its pow'r,
I ſinn'd, and ſtumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Come hither, ſoul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou bleſt Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to ſinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, "Behold the way to GOD."

HYMN 108.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

1 LORD and GOD of heav'nly pow'rs,
Hallelujah.
Theirs, and O benignly ours;
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to ſing thy name.

2 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow; Hall.
Hear, the world's atonement thou;
JESUS, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our ſins away.

3 Thee to laud in ſongs divine Hall.
Angels and archangels join;
We with them our voices raiſe,
Echoing thine eternal praiſe.

4 Holy, holy, holy LORD! Hall.
Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd:
Full of thee they ever cry,
"Glory be to GOD on high." Hallelujah.

HYMN 109.

1 O JESUS, everlaſting GOD,
Who once for ſinners ſhed'ſt thy blood
Upon mount Calvary;
And finiſh'd then redemption's toil,
And mad'ſt loſt man thy happy ſpoil:
All glory be to thee.

2 Fain would I think upon thy pain,
And find therein my life and gain,
And fix my heart and mind
Upon thy wounds and dying love;
Nor from the ſame my heart remove,
Till all thy heav'n I find.

3 Content and glad I'll ever be
To have ſalvation, Lord, from thee,
E'en as a ſinner poor;
I nothing have, I nothing am,
My treaſure's in the bleeding Lamb,
Both now and evermore.

4 The more thro' grace myſelf I know,
The more content I am to bow,
And ſink beneath thy croſs;
And live by faith upon thy blood,
Waiting on thee for ev'ry good,
And count my gain but loſs.

HYMN 110.

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S ALL.

1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly truſting in thy croſs;
That alone be all our glory,
All things elſe are dung and droſs.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only ſource of all that's good:
Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favour
Come to us thro' Jeſu's blood.

2 JESUS gives us true repentance
By his Spirit ſent from heav'n;
JESUS whiſpers this ſweet ſentence,
"Son, thy ſins are all forgiv'n;"
Faith he gives us to believe it;
Grateful hearts his love to prize;
Want we wiſdom? he muſt give it,
Hearing ears, and ſeeing eyes.

3 JESUS gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires,
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands, inſpires.
All our pray'rs, and all our praiſes,
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them is JESUS;
He that anſwers, is the ſame.

4 When we live on JESU's merit,
Then we worſhip GOD aright:
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we ſavingly unite.
This the whole concluſion of it,
Great or good whate'er we call;
GOD, or King, or Prieſt or Prophet,
JESUS CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

HYMN III.

HUMAN WEAKNESS OWNED.

1 MY LORD, how great's the favour
That I a ſinner poor,
Can thro' thy blood's ſweet ſavour
Approach thy mercy's door,
And find an open paſſage
Unto the throne of grace;
There wait the welcome meſſage,
That bids me GO IN PEACE?

2 LORD, I'm an helpleſs creature,
Full of the deepeſt need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead:
My ſtrength is perfect weakneſs,
And all I have is ſin;
My heart is all uncleanneſs,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition
Who ſhall afford me aid?
Where ſhall I find compaſſion,
But in the church's Head?
JESUS, thou art all pity,
O take me to thine arms,
And exerciſe thy mercy,
To ſave me from all harms.

4 I'll never ceaſe repeating
My numberleſs complaints;
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of ſaints,
Till I attain the image
Of him I only love,
And pay my grateful homage
With all the ſaints above.

5 Then I, with all in glory,
Will thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleaſing ſtory
Of Jesu's love ſo great;
In this bleſt contemplation
I ever ſhall be well;
And prove ſuch conſolation,
As none below can tell.

HYMN 112.

Exulting in Christ.

1 The deſpiſed Nazarene,
Who is chief in my eſteem,
Mark'd with ſcourges, nails and ſpear,
Hung an enſign in the air.

2 None among the ſons of men,
None among the heav'nly train,
Can with my Belov'd compare,
Who to me is ever dear.

3 Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
He ſhou'd ever be my ſong;
Object of my preſent bliſs,
Subject of my future praiſe.

4 Raviſh'd I'm beyond degree,
While I view him on the tree;
All his wounds and bruiſes are
To my ſoul exceeding fair.

5 Other lovers I deſpiſe;
Mine is gone beyond the ſkies:
Earthly things are far too mean
To divert me from the Lamb.

6 How, my LORD, ſhall I ſet forth,
All thy dignity and worth!
Human words cannot expreſs
Half thy love, or half thy praiſe.

7 From thy fulneſs me ſupply
Of thy grace to teſtify,
Let my fellow-creatures prove
What is taſted in thy love.

8 Soul and body, ſink with ſhame,
While I thee, my Saviour, name;
Soul and body, LORD, ſet free
In the goſpel liberty.

HYMN 113. LOVE.

1 O Love divine, how ſweet thou art!
When ſhall we find our longing heart
All taken up by thee?
O! may we pant and thirſt to prove
The greatneſs of redeeming love,
The love of CHRIST ſo free.

2 GOD only knows the love of GOD,
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In each poor longing heart!
For love I'd ſigh, for love I'd pine,
This only portion, LORD, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

3 O that we cou'd for ever ſit
With Mary, at the Maſter's feet,
Be this our happy choice!
Our only care, delight, and bliſs,
Our joy, our heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 Thy only love may we require,
Nothing on earth beneath deſire,
Nothing in heav'n above:
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O LORD! thy love to know,
Give us thy precious love.

HYMN 114.

1 JOHN iv. 16. LATTER PART.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
JESUS! thou art all compaſſion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Viſit us with thy ſalvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart!

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breaſt!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd reſt:
Take away the love of ſinning;
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we wou'd be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thine hoſts above;
Pray, and praiſe thee without ceaſing;
Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure, unſpotted may we be;
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd by thee!
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place;
Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder love and praiſe.

HYMN 115.

GOD THE ONLY REFUGE IN TROUBLE.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary ſoul,
On thee when ſorrows riſe,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 While hope revives, tho' preſs'd with fears,
And I can ſay MY GOD,
Beneath thy feet I ſpread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.

3 To thee I tell each riſing grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;
Thy word can bring a ſweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.

4 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The ſprings of comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

5 Yet, gracious GOD, where ſhall I flee,
Thou art my only truſt?
And ſtill my ſoul would cleave to thee,
Tho' proſtrate in the duſt.

6 Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
And ſhall I ſeek in vain?
And can the ear of ſov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

7 No, ſtill the ear of ſov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find acceſs
To breathe my ſorrows there.

8 Thy mercy-ſeat is open ſtill;
Here let my ſoul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 116.

CHRIST A SURE GUIDE.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH,
Pilgrim, through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand!
Bread of heav'n, Bread of heav'n,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the cryſtal fountain,
Whence the healing ſtreams do flow,
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer, ſtrong Deliv'rer,
Be thou ſtill my ſtrength and ſhield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears ſubſide;
Death of deaths, and hell's deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's ſide:
Songs of praiſes, Songs of praiſes,
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 117.

HEAVENLY JOYS ON EARTH.

1 COME ye that love the LORD,
And let your Joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround the throne.

2 The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from the place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
Who never knew our GOD;
But children of the heav'nly King
Will ſpeak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

6 Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 118.

THE OFFICES OF CHRIST.

1 JOIN all the glorious names,
Of wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet our Saviour forth.

2 But O! what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!
My ſoul, with joy and wonder ſee,
What forms of love he bears for thee.

3 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came:
The joyful news of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

4 Jesus, our great High-prieſt,
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd;
Thou guilty ſinner, ſeek
No ſacrifice beſide:
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne;

5 Thou dear Almighty Lord!
Our Conqu'ror, and our King!
Thy ſcepter and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace we ſing:
Thine is the pow'r; O may we ſit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

HYMN 110. THE SAME.

1 Array'd in mortal fleſh,
Lo, the great Angel ſtands!
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands:
Commiſſion'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

2 Be thou our Counſellor,
Our Pattern, and our Guide;
And thro' this deſert land
Still keep us near thy ſide.
O let our feet ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek the crooked way.

3 We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
Whoſe watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring ſouls among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His boſom bears the tender lambs.

4 To this dear ſurety's hands,
My ſoul, commend thy cauſe;
He anſwers, and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Believing ſouls now free are ſet,
For Chriſt hath paid their dreadful debt.

5 Then let our ſouls ariſe,
And tread the tempter down;
Our Captain leads us forth
To conqueſt and a crown:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obſtruct the way.

HYMN 120.

1 LORD, avenge thy tempted ſaints,
For thou canſt ſupply our wants;
Satan and a fooliſh heart
Cauſe us many hours of ſmart:
We ſail on a troubled ſea,
Harraſs'd by the enemy;
Foes without, and foes within,
Tempting daily unto ſin.

2 Satan uſes all his craft
On the right hand and the left;
World and fleſh and hell combine;
JESUS, ſend thy help divine:
GOD his little remnant tries,
Salts with fire each ſacrifice;
But tho' tempeſts riſe afreſh,
CHRIST is in the burning buſh.

3 JESU, thy dealings we admire,
Thou'lt us ſave, yet as by fire;
Purge the droſs, the gold refine,
Stamp the ſame for current coin:
JESU, we can find no reſt,
But when leaning on thy breaſt;
Onward then we ſweetly move,
When we feel the breath of love.

4 We ſhall ſurely find at length
Weakneſs perfected in ſtrength;
Tho' we're toſt with doubts and fears,
Thou wilt wipe away our tears:
LORD,

LORD, bring on the joyful day,
Make our ſorrows flee away;
Gather all thy ſaints in one,
Then to praiſe thee round the throne.

HYMN 121.

TH [illegible]

1 WHEN with my mind devoutly preſt,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breaſt
Wou'd paſt offences trace;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
The pow'r of changing grace.

2 This tongue, with blaſphemies defil'd,
Theſe feet, to erring paths beguil'd,
In heav'nly league agree;
Who cou'd believe ſuch lips cou'd praiſe,
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should ever lead to thee?

3 Theſe eyes, that once abus'd their ſight,
Now lift to thee their watry light,
And weep a ſilent flood;
Theſe hands aſcend in ceaſeleſs pray'r,
O waſh away the ſtains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood!

4 Theſe ears, that pleas'd would entertain
The midnight oath, the luſtful ſtrain,
When round the feſtal board;
Now deaf to all th' inchanting noiſe,
Avoid the throng, deteſt the joys,
And preſs to hear thy word.

5 Thus art thou ſerv'd in ev'ry part;
And now thou doſt transform my heart,
That droſſy thing refine:
Now grace doth nature's ſtrength controul,
And a new creature—body—ſoul,
Are, LORD, for ever thine!

HYMN 122. THE SAME.

1 OFT I reflect upon thy grace,
With tears of thankfulneſs,
Which call'd me from my native place,
The world's wide wilderneſs.

2 My precious time I vainly ſpent,
Subject to nature's ſway;
My corrupt carnal will was bent
Its motions to obey.

3 Thick darkneſs overſpread my mind,
I ſtumbled in the night;
All my affections were inclin'd
To creaturely delight.

4 GOD ſaw me in this wretched caſe,
A ſlave to baſe deſire;
And by an act of ſpecial grace,
The brand pluck'd from the fire.

5 O may a ſenſe of mercies paſt,
Stir up my ſoul to praiſe;
And whet my appetite to taſte
Thy larger draughts of grace.

HYMN 123.

THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

1 HE is a GOD of ſov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me;
And taught my thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy ſpirits be.

2 Prepare me, LORD, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day!
Come death and ſome celeſtial band,
To bear my ſoul away.

3 Then, my Beloved, take my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abode;
That face to face I may behold
My Saviour, and my GOD.

4 GOD has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at the great day
Shall place it on my head.

5 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

HYMN 124.

PSALM CXIX. VERSE 158.

1 ARISE, my tend'reſt thoughts, ariſe,
To torrents melt my ſtreaming eyes!
And thou, my heart, with anguiſh feel
Thoſe evils, which thou canſt not heal!

2 See human nature ſunk in ſhame!
See ſcandals pour'd on JESU's name!
The Father wounded thro' the Son!
The world abus'd, the ſoul undone!

3 See the ſhort courſe of vain delight
Cloſing in everlaſting night!
In flames, that no abatement know,
The briny tears for ever flow.

4 My GOD, I feel the mournful ſcene;
My bowels yern o'er dying men;
And fain my pity wou'd reclaim,
And ſnatch the firebrands from the flame!

5 But feeble my compaſſion proves,
And can but weep where moſt it loves;
Thine own all-ſaving arm employ,
And turn thoſe drops of grief to joy.

◆

HYMN 125.

1 A Charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying ſoul to ſave,
And fit it for the ſky.

2 To ſerve the preſent age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my maſter's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy ſight to live;
And O! thy ſervant, Lord, prepare
A good account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyſelf rely;
And let me ne'er my truſt betray,
Leſt I for ever die.

HYMN 126.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

1 Not all the blood of beaſts
On Jewiſh altars ſlain,
Cou'd give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away one ſtain.

2 But CHRIST, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

4 My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with chearful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

HYMN 127. A SONNET.

1 AWAKE and ſing the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praiſe the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his riſing pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For thoſe whoſe ſins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Aſcending with our tongues,
Sing 'till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires our ſongs.

Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ranſom'd ſinners ſing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In CHRIST th' eternal King.

5 Soon ſhall ye hear him ſay,
"Ye bleſſed children come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

HYMN 128.

EBEN-EZER. 1 SAM. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou font of ev'ry bleſſing!
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never-ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praiſe the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of GOD's unchanging love!

2 Here I raiſe mine Eben-ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleaſure
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus ſought me when a ſtranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and ſeal it;
Seal it from thy courts above!

HYMN 129.

Longing after Christ.

1 Thou Shepherd of Iſrael, and mine,
The joy and deſire of my heart;
For cloſer communion I pine,
I long to reſide where thou art:
The paſture I languiſh to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy boſom reclin'd,
Are ſcreen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! ſhew me that happieſt place,
That place of thy peoples abode;
Where ſaints in an extaſy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:

Thy love for a ſinner declare,
  Thy paſſion and death on the tree;
My ſpirit to Calvary bear,
  To ſuffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
  There only I covet to reſt,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
  Or riſe to be hid in thy breaſt;
'Tis there I would always abide,
  And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy ſide,
  Eternally held in thine heart.

HYMN 130.

CHRIST WITHDRAWN.

1 O What ſhall I do to retrieve
  The love for a ſeaſon beſtow'd;
'Tis better to die than to live
  Exil'd from the preſence of God:
With ſorrow diſtracted and doubt,
  With palpable horror oppreſt,
The city I wander about,
  And ſeek my repoſe in his breaſt.

2 Ye watchmen of Iſrael, declare
  If ye my Beloved have ſeen,
And point to that heav'nly fair,
  Surpaſſing the children of men:

My Lover and Friend from above,
Who only can quiet my pain,
Whom only I languiſh to love,
O where ſhall I find him again?

3 The joy and deſire of mine eyes,
The end of my ſorrow and woe;
My hope, and my heavenly prize,
My height of ambition below:
Once more if he ſhew me his face,
He never again ſhall depart,
Detain'd in my cloſeſt embrace,
Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

HYMN 131.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

1 Riſe, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove;
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their courſe;
Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun,
Both ſpeed them to their ſource;

So a ſoul that's born of GOD
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To reſt in his embrace.

3 Ceaſe, ye pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn,
Preſs onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the ſkies:
Yet a ſeaſon, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

HYMN 132. ANOTHER.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are trav'ling home to GOD,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O ye baniſh'd ſeed be glad!
CHRIST our Advocate is made;
Us to ſave our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and bleſt,
You on JESU's throne ſhall reſt;
There your ſeat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom, and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

6 LORD! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

HYMN 133.

FLESH AND SPIRIT.

1 WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ſin
Attend our mortal ſtate?
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
While ſin and Satan reign;
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkneſs ſtruggles with the light,
Till perfect day ariſe;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the fleſh and Spirit ſtrive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I ſhall quit this mortal life,
And ſin for ever ceaſe.

HYMN 134.

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

1 I Long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty diſplay'd,
His beauty of holieſt love:
I languiſh, and die to be there,
Where JESUS hath fix'd his abode;
O when ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of GOD!

2 With him I on Zion ſhall ſtand,
(For JESUS hath ſpoken the word)
The breadth of IMMANUEL's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when on thy boſom reclin'd,
Thy face I am ſtrengthen'd to ſee,
My fulneſs of rapture I find,
My heaven of heaven's in thee!

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No ſickneſs or ſorrow ſhall prove:

4 Phyſician of ſouls, unto me
Forgiveneſs and holineſs give,
And then from the body ſet free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN 135.

1 O Jesu, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd by thy word.

2 In ſpirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And chearfully join in a concert of praiſe.

3 The Antient of days
His glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen with cheriſhing rays.

4 The trumpet of God
Is ſounding abroad,
The language of mercy—ſalvation thro' blood.

5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this goſpel-day.

6 Their [illegible]
They [illegible]
With burning affection to worship him
glory

7 Their anguiſh and ſmart,
And ſorrows depart,
Who find his ſalvation inſcrib'd on their
heart.

8 This bleſſing be mine,
Thro' favour divine,
But O, my Redeemer, the glory be thine!

9 The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praiſe;
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy
ways.

HYMN 136.

CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wondrous croſs
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, LORD, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the croſs of CHRIST, my GOD;
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love, ſuch ſorrow meet,
Or thorns compoſe ſo bright a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall,
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

HYMN 137.

FAREWEL TO THE WORLD.

1 WORLD, adieu! thou real cheat,
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Fooliſh hopes, and falſe alarms:
Now I ſee as clear as day
How thy follies paſs away.

2 Vain thy entertaining ſights,
Falſe thy promiſes renew'd,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heav'n above,
Object of the nobleſt love.

3 Farewel honour's empty pride,
Thy own nice uncertain guſt,
If the leaſt miſchance betide,
Lays thee lower than the duſt:
Worldly honours end in gall,
Riſe to-day—to-morrow fall.

4 Fooliſh vanity—farewel—
More inconſtant than the wave;
Where thy ſoothing fancies dwell,
Pureſt tempers they deprave;
He, to whom I fly from thee,
JESUS CHRIST ſhall ſet me free.

5 Let not, LORD, my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys;
Since in thee alone I find
Solid and ſubſtantial joys:
Joys that never over-paſt,
Thro' eternity ſhall laſt.

6 LORD, how happy is the heart,
After thee while it aſpires!
True and faithful as thou art,
Thou ſhalt anſwer its deſires;
It ſhall ſee the glorious ſcene
Of thine everlaſting reign.

HYMN 138.

GRATITUDE.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my GOD,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

3 Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom theſe comforts flow'd.

4 When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran;
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me on to man.

5 When worn by ſickneſs oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

6 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my ſtore.

7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever-grateful heart, O LORD,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

9 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN 139.

1 WHAT ſhall we render unto thee,
Thou glorious fountain of life and pow'r!
Teach us to bow the humble knee;
Teach us with thankfulneſs t' adore;
To praiſe thee as thy ſaints above,
To praiſe thee for thy wondrous love.

2 When like loſt ſheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's eye;
When borne along the impetuous tide
Of this world's ſin and vanity;
Our JESUS from the heavens came down,
To ſave us by his grace alone.

3 He bore our ſins upon the tree,
(To ſeek and ſave the loſt he came)
There was he bound to ſet us free,
From death and everlaſting ſhame:
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their Shepherd bled.

4 Before the Father's awful throne,
Our merciful High-prieſt he ſtands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlaſting friend,
Who loving, loves them to the end.

5 May we, his baniſh'd ones, rejoice,
Him for our LORD and GOD to own;
To take him as our only choice,
And cleave to him in love alone;
Be growing up in holineſs,
Then meet him in the realms of bliſs.

HYMN 140.

1 A THOUSAND foes prepare to war
Againſt a feeble ſaint;
Jesus, in my behalf appear,
And cheer me, leſt I faint.

2 Give me an heart divorc'd from ſin,
Shut up from worldly care;
Conſtant, ſincere, and fervent in
The exerciſe of pray'r.

3 Watchful in ev'ry work and word,
Ready to ſpeak thy praiſe;
Arm'd with thy Spirit's two-edg'd ſword,
And cloth'd with ev'ry grace.

4 Fill'd with a godly filial fear,
A conſtant jealous care;
Leſt I from the right path ſhould err,
Or fall into a ſnare.

5 To ev'ry earthly object dead;
Alive to things above;
Conform'd unto my living Head,
And fill'd with burning love.

6 Let furious heats no more moleſt,
Nor paſſions chafe my mind;
Quench all ill tempers in my breaſt,
And make me meek and kind.

7 Grant me a ſerious, ſober mind,
From levity ſet free;
That I may ſhew to all mankind
Thine image, LORD, in me.

8 Aſſume in me thy dwelling-place,
Thy temple, and thy throne;
Then ſtubborn ſelf ſhall bend to grace,
And Antichriſt fall down.

HYMN 141.

ADORING CHRIST.

1 BRETHREN, let us join to bleſs
JESUS CHRIST, our joy and peace;
Let our praiſe to him be giv'n,
High at GOD's right hand in heav'n!

2 Maſter, ſee! to thee we bow,
Thou art LORD, and only thou;
Thou the bleſſed virgin's ſeed,
Glory of thy church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe our Prieſt and King;
Worthy is thy name of praiſe,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou haſt the glad tidings brought,
Of ſalvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church! and we
Worſhip in their company.

5 We thy little flock adore
Thee the LORD, for evermore!
Ever with us ſhew thy love,
Till we join with thoſe above!

HYMN 142

To the holy Ghost.

1 Stay, thou inſulted Spirit, ſtay;
Tho' I have done thee ſuch deſpite,
Caſt not a ſinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlaſting flight.

2 Tho' I have moſt unfaithful been,
Of all, who e'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs ſeen,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs griev'd.

3 But O! the chief of ſinners ſpare,
In honour of my great High prieſt;
Nor in thy righteous anger ſwear
T' exclude me from thy people's reſt.

4 If yet thou canſt my ſins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy reſt of love receive,
And bleſs me with a calm repoſe.

5 E'en now my weary ſoul releaſe,
And raiſe me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 143.

THE CHRISTIAN'S EXPECTATION.

1 GOD of all conſolation, take
The glory of thy grace;
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaſeleſs ſongs of praiſe.

2 Not unto us, but thee, O LORD,
Glory to thee be giv'n,
For ev'ry gracious thought and word,
That brought us nearer heav'n.

3 Our ſouls are in his mighty hand,
And he will keep them ſtill;
And you and I ſhall ſurely ſtand
With him on Zion's hill.

4 Him eye to eye we there ſhall ſee,
Our face, like his, ſhall ſhine;
O what a glorious company,
When ſaints and angels join!

5 O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array'd;
Palms in our hands we all ſhall bear,
And crowns upon our head!

6 Then let us earneſtly contend,
And fight our paſſage thro';
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view.

7 Then let us haſten to the day,
When all ſhall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
Lord Jesu, quickly come!

HYMN 144. Adoring Jesus.

1 O Come let us join,
Together combine,
To praiſe our dear Saviour, our Maſter divine.

2 Him let us adore,
Who cover'd with gore,
Late hang'd on Calvary, both wounded and poor.

3 He worthy is bleſt
By ſpirits at reſt,
Who once in this deſert his Godhead confeſs'd.

4 The prophets who told
His ſuff'rings of old,
Sing now ſweet thankſgivings on pſalt'ries of gold.

5 The fathers to whom
He ſhew'd he would come,
Now in his pavilion take up their long home.

6 The ſpirits of men
Who for him were ſlain,
From Abel the righteous, ſhare now in his reign.

7 The apoſtles who ſtood,
Reſiſting to blood
For Jesus's goſpel, rejoice in their God.

8 O church of the Lamb
Here met, do the ſame,
With ſaints and with angels bleſs Jesus's name.

9 My ſoul bear a part,
For ranſom'd thou art
By Jesu's blood-ſhedding, his burial and ſmart.

10 To him that was ſlain,
The ſcorn'd Nazarene,
Be glory and honour; let all ſay Amen.

HYMN 145.

1 O Thou holy Lamb divine,
How canſt thou and ſinners join?
God of ſpotleſs purity,
How ſhall man concur with thee?

2 Offer up one ſacrifice
Acceptable to the ſkies;
What ſhall we wretched ſinners bring
Pleaſing to the glorious King?

3 Only ſin we call our own,
But thou art the darling Son:
Thine it is our God t' appeaſe,
Him thou doſt for ever pleaſe.

4 We on thee alone depend,
With thy ſacrifice aſcend,
Render what thy grace hath giv'n,
Lift our ſouls with thee to heav'n.

HYMN 146.

God glorious and sinners saved.

1 Father, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand thro' the ſkies.

2 Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r;
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

3 But when we view thy great deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms,

4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice, or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Bright ſeraphs learn IMMANUEL's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

6 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong;
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 147.

THY WORD IS TRUTH.

1 MY hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
And ſhield art thou, O LORD;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

2 Engrav'd as in eternal braſs,
The mighty promiſe ſhines,
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

3 The ſacred word of grace is ſtrong,
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice which rolls the ſtars along,
Spoke all the promiſes.

4 My hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
And ſhield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

HYMN 148. Prov. xxviii. 14.

1 God of all grace and majeſty!
Supremely great and good!
If I have favour found with thee,
Thro' th' atoning blood,
The guard of all thy mercies giv'n,
And to my pardon join
A fear, leſt I ſhou'd ever grieve
The gracious Spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuſe my liberty,
Or ſin againſt thy love:
This choiceſt fruit of faith beſtow
On thy ſojourner here;
And let me paſs my days below
In humbleneſs and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy ſight,
My ſtrict obſerver ſee;
And thou by rev'rent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are paſt,
At Jesu's feet abide:
So ſhall he lift me up at laſt,
And ſeat me by his ſide.

HYMN 149. John xiii. 9.

1 Jesus, thou art my righteouſneſs,
For all my ſins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine:
My dying Saviour and my God!
Fountain for guilt and ſin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanſe, and keep me clean.

2 Waſh me, and make me thus thine own;
Waſh me and mine thou art;
Waſh me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, and heart!
Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to ſight improve;
Till hope in full enjoyment die,
And all my ſoul be love!

HYMN 150. INCONSTANCY.

1 Lord Jesu, when, when ſhall it be
That I no more ſhall break with thee?
When will this war of paſſion ceaſe,
And my free ſoul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here I repent, and ſin again;
Now I revive, and now am ſlain;
Slain by the ſame unhappy dart,
Which O! too often wounds my heart.

3 O Saviour, when, when ſhall I be,
A garden ſeal'd to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone?

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my courſe,
And draw me on with thy ſweet force;
Still make me walk, ſtill make me tend,
By thee, my way, to God my end.

HYMN 151. To Jesus Christ.

1 Holy Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live;
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be.

2 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind;
To thy croſs my ſpirit bind;
Earthly paſſions far remove;
Perfect all our ſouls in love.

3 Duſt and aſhes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and miſery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God:
Take the purchaſe of thy blood.

4 Boundleſs wiſdom, pow'r divine,
Love unſpeakable, are thine;
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hoſts of heav'n!

HYMN 152.

COMPLEATNESS IN CHRIST.

1 KIND is the ſpeech of CHRIST our LORD,
Affection ſounds in ev'ry word;
"Thou art my choſen one, he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties."

2 Sweet is thy voice, dear LORD, to me,
"I will behold no ſpot in thee;"
What mighty wonders love performs,
That puts a comelineſs on worms!

3 Defil'd and lotheſome as we are,
Thou mak'ſt us white, and call'ſt us fair!
Adorn'ſt us with thy heav'nly dreſs,
Thy graces, and thy righteouſneſs.

4 O may my ſpirit daily riſe
On wings of faith above the ſkies;
Till death ſhall make my laſt remove,
To dwell for ever in thy love!

HYMN 153. PRESERVING GRACE.

1 TO GOD the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies
Their humble praiſes bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

3 He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd, and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our redeeming God
Almighty pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

HYMN 154.

PLEADING THE COVENANT.

1 O LORD my GOD, whoſe ſov'reign love
Is ſtill the ſame, nor e'er can move;
Look to the covenant; and ſee
For once thy love was ſhewn to me:
Remember, O my deareſt friend,
And love me alway to the end.

2 Be with me ſtill, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My ſtrong, my ſtubborn will incline
To be obedient ſtill to thine:
O lead me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me ſafe to Canaan's land.

3 I need not ſay, for well thou know'ſt,
How I, without thy help, am loſt;
Thou know'ſt how apt I am to err,
But thou canſt make me perſevere:
Be then my light, and let me ſee,
That I have yet my lot in thee.

4 O take me up above the ſkies,
Tranſlate me to thy paradiſe;
Then ſhall I reſt from ev'ry woe,
From all the troubles here below;
Grant this, my LORD, and kindly ſay,
"Come my Redeemed; come away."

HYMN 155.

GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

1 LORD; all I am is known to thee;
In vain my ſoul would try
To ſhun thy preſence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
My riſing and my reſt,
My public walks, my private ways,
The ſecrets of my breaſt.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, LORD,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'ſt the ſenſe I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high;
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry ſide.

5 So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign love.

HYMN 156. THANKSGIVING.

1 BLESS, O my ſoul, the living GOD;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join,
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the GOD of grace,
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe;
Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence, and forgot?

3 'Twas he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done;
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He ſatisfies our ſoul with good,
And fills our mouth with heav'nly food.

5 Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
May all our pow'rs within us join,
In work and worſhip ſo divine!

HYMN 157.

SIGHT OF GOD AND CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

1 Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things.

2 O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
Their ſits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

3 Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the Man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all.

4 When ſhall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That we ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow amongſt them there,
And view thy face, and ſing thy love?

HYMN 158. THE BEGGAR.

1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promiſe to the poor,
Behold a beggar, LORD,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O LORD, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's uſual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'ſt diſdain:
And thoſe which move thy gracious ear,
Are ſuch as men wou'd ſcorn to hear.

3 I have no right to ſay,
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I poſſeſſed more.
Thou know'ſt that from my very birth,
I've been the pooreſt wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profeſs,
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my diſtreſs,
My faults have been but few.
If thou ſhould'ſt leave my ſoul to ſtarve,
It wou'd be what I well deſerve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never beg'd before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more.
Thou often haſt reliev'd my pain,
And often I muſt come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For ſuch a dog as I,
No leſs than children's food
My ſoul can ſatisfy.
O! do not frown and bid me go,
I muſt have ALL thou canſt beſtow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel.
I'll tell them of thy mercies ſtore,
And try to ſend a thouſand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou only wiſe,
Our thoughts and ways tranſcend,
Far as the arched ſkies
Above the earth extend.
Such pleas as mine men wou'd not bear,
But GOD receives a beggar's pray'r.

HYMN 159.

1 JESU, we thy promiſe claim,
We are met in thy dear name;
In the midſt do thou appear,
Manifeſt thy preſence here:
Sanctify us, LORD, and bleſs,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Come, deſcend, celeſtial Dove,
Make this time a time of love.

2 Let the fruits of grace abound,
Let us in thy bowels ſound;
Faith, and love, and joy increaſe,
Temperance, and gentleneſs:
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodneſs, full of thee.

3 Make us all in thee compleat,
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy ſight,
Partners with the ſaints in light;
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb;
Let us lean upon thy breaſt,
Love be there our endleſs feaſt.

HYMN 160.

God our creator and benefactor.

1 MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy ſov'reign bounty is the ſpring
From whence my bleſſings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thouſand reaſons move,
A thouſand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praiſe than life can give.

4 O! what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And ſhall my paſſions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul with ſtrength divine,
Let all my pow'rs to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

HYMN 161. Ephes. ii. 5.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming ſound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

2 Grace firſt contriv'd a way
To ſave rebellious man;
And all the ſteps that grace diſplay,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new ſupplies each hour I meet,
While preſſing on to God.

4 Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Thro' everlaſting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmoſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

HYMN 162.

1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And ſinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Waſh'd all my ſins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r,
Till all the ranſom'd church of GOD
Be ſav'd to ſin no more.

4 E'er ſince by faith I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong,
I'll ſing thy pow'r to ſave;
When this poor liſping, ſtammering tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

6 LORD, I believe thou haſt prepar'd
(Unworthy tho' I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis ſtrung and tun'd for endleſs years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To ſound in GOD the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

HYMN 163.

2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8.

1 THERE is a houſe not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands,
Till GOD ſhall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this priſon of my clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
Then, O my ſoul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earneſt of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're abſent from the LORD.

5 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace;
But we had rather ſee:
We wou'd be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, LORD, with thee.

HYMN 164. 1 SAM. vii. 12.

1 THO' ſtrait be the way,
With dangers beſet,
And we thro' delay
Are no farther yet,
Our good GOD and Saviour,
Hath help'd us thus far;
And 'tis by his favour
We are what we are.

2 A favour ſo great
We highly ſhou'd prize;
Nor murmur, nor fret,
Nor ſmall things deſpiſe:
But what call we ſmall things?
Sin's whole cancell'd ſum?
'Tis greater than all things,
Except thoſe to come.

3 O! let us reflect
On what we have been;
How GOD had reſpect
To us under ſin:
When lower and lower
We ev'ry day fell,
He ſtretch'd forth his power,
And ſnatch'd us from hell.

4 Then let us rejoice,
And chearfully ſing,
With heart and with voice,
To JESUS our King;

Who thus far has brought us
From evil to good;
The ranſom that bought us,
No leſs than his blood.

5 For bleſſings like theſe,
So bounteouſly giv'n,
For proſpects of peace,
And foretaſtes of heav'n;
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleaſant,
To ſing and adore;
Be thankful for preſent,
And then aſk for more.

HYMN 165.

BREATHING AFTER HEAVENLY THINGS.

1 TO thee, my GOD, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden ſtores;
Nor covet I the brighteſt gems,
On the rich eaſtern ſhores:

2 Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty Name;
Nor greatneſs in its gayeſt forms,
My reſtleſs thoughts enflame:

3 Nor pleaſure's ſoft enticing charms,
My fond deſires allure;
Far greater things than earth can yield,
My wiſhes would ſecure.

4 Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting ſmiles,
That brighten heaven above;
The boundleſs riches of thy grace,
And treaſures of thy love.

5 Theſe are the mighty things I crave:
O! make theſe bleſſings mine;
And all the glories of the world
I gladly will reſign.

HYMN 166.

1 COME, deſcend, O heavenly Spirit,
Fan each ſpark into a flame;
Bleſſings let us now inherit,
Bleſſings that we cannot name:
Whilſt hoſannas we are ſinging,
May our hearts in rapture move,
Feel new grace in them ſtill ſpringing,
Breathe the air of pureſt love.

2 Let us ſail in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded ſea,
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free:
On thy [illegible] feeding,
Screen'd from th' [illegible] foe,
Love, O love for ſinners bleeding,
All for thee we would forego.

3 Keep us, Lord, still [illegible]
Daily nearer unto thee;
Sinking in the [illegible] union
Of thine heart-felt mystery;
Keep us ſafe from each deluſion,
Well protected from all harms;
Free from ſin, and all confuſion,
Circle us within thine arms.

HYMN 169.

THE STONY HEART.

1 O! For a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this ſtubborn ſtone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rent; the earth can quake;
The ſeas can roar; the mountains ſhake;
Of feeling all things ſhew ſome ſign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the ſorrows thou haſt felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodneſs and wrath in vain combine,
To ſtir this ſtupid heart of mine.

5 But ſomething yet can do the deed;
And that dear ſomething much I need!
O! may thy Spirit now refine
From droſs, and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN 168.

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM.

1 YE ſouls that are weak,
And helpleſs, and poor,
Who know not to ſpeak;
Much leſs to do more;
Lo! here's a foundation
For comfort and peace:
In CHRIST is Salvation;
The kingdom is his.

2 With power he rules,
And wonders performs;
Gives conduct to fools,
And courage to worms:
Beſet by ſore evils,
Without and within,
By legions of devils,
And mountains of ſin.

3 Then be not afraid,
All power is given
To Jesus our Head,
In earth and in heav'n;

Thro'

Thro' him we ſhall conquer
The mightieſt foes;
Our Captain is ſtronger
Than all that oppoſe.

4 His pow'r from above
He'll kindly impart;
So free is his love,
So tender his heart:
Redeem'd with his merit,
We're waſh'd in his blood;
Renew'd by his Spirit,
We've power with God.

5 Thy grace we adore,
Director divine;
The kingdom and pow'r
And glory are thine:
Preſerve us from running
On rocks or on ſhelves;
From foes ſtrong and cunning,
And moſt from ourſelves.

6 Reign o'er us as King,
Accompliſh thy will;
And pow'rfully bring
Us forth from all ill;
Till falling before thee
We laud thy lov'd name,
Aſcribing the glory
To God and the Lamb.

HYMN 169.

SATAN REPULSED.

1 'TIS falſe: thou vile accuſer; go,
I ſee thro' all the thin diſguiſe—
Back to thy native realms below,
Thou parent of deceit and lies!

2 Think not to drive my trembling ſoul,
Laden with guilt, to black deſpair;
Haſt thou ſurvey'd the ſacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3 Preſumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's ſov'reign reign:
What other happy ſouls have found,
I'll ſeek, nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

4 I own my guilt, thy charge confeſs,
Nor can thy malice make it more;
Of crimes already numberleſs,
Vain the attempt to ſwell the ſcore.

5 Set the black liſt before my ſight;
While I remember JESUS dy'd,
'Twill only urge my ſpeedier flight,
To ſeek ſalvation at his ſide.

6 Low at his feet I'll caſt me down,
To him reveal my grief and fear;
And if he ſpurns me from his throne,
I'll be the firſt who periſh'd there.

HYMN 170.

1 FAR from our thoughts vain world be gone,
Let our religious hours alone;
May we by faith the Saviour ſee:
We wait a viſit, LORD, from thee!

2 O warm our hearts with holy fire!
And kindle there a pure deſire;
Come, deareſt Saviour, from above,
And feed our ſouls with heav'nly love.

3 Bleſs'd JESUS, what delicious fare!
How ſweet thy entertainments are?
Never did angels taſte above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great IMMANUEL, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine!
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt One,
That eyes have ſeen or Angels known.

HYMN 171.

1 O For a cloſer walk with GOD,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew,
When firſt I ſaw the LORD?
Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view
Of JESUS, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet meſſenger of reſt!
I hate the ſins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt.

5 The deareſt Idol I have known,
Whate'er that Idol be;
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only thee.

6 So ſhall my walk be cloſe with GOD,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
So purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 172.

DESIRING TO KNOW AND LOVE CHRIST MORE.

1 THOU only ſource of true delight,
Whom I unſeen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my ſight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation ſhines;
But in thy ſacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And ſins and ſorrows riſe,
Thy love with chearful beams of hope
My fainting heart ſupplies.

4 But ah! too ſoon the pleaſing ſcene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears riſe dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
O come with bliſsful ray;
Break radiant thro' the ſhades of night,
And chaſe my fears away.

6 Then ſhall my ſoul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

HYMN 173. Rejoice evermore.

1 Rejoice evermore
With Angels above,
In Jesus's power,
In Jesus's love;

With glad exultation
Your triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation
To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief
In trouble haſt been;
Haſt ſav'd us from grief,
Haſt ſav'd us from ſin;
The pow'r of thy Spirit
Can ſet our hearts free;
And we ſhall inherit
All fulneſs in thee.

3 All fulneſs of peace,
All fulneſs of joy,
And ſpiritual bliſs
That never can cloy;
To us it is given
In Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven,
A heaven below.

4 No longer we join
Where ſinners invite,
Nor envy the ſwine
Their brutiſh delight;
Their joy is all ſadneſs,
Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madneſs,
Their pleaſure is pain.

5 O may they at laſt
With ſorrow return,
The pleaſure to taſte
For which they were born!
Our Jesus receiving,
Our happineſs prove,
The joy of believing,
The heaven of love.

HYMN 174.

GLORY AND GRACE IN CHRIST.

1 Now to the Lord, a noble ſong!
Awake, my ſoul; awake, my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2 See where it ſhines in Jesu's face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
God in the perſon of his Son,
Has all his mightieſt works outdone.

3 The ſpacious earth, and ſpreading flood,
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

4 But in his looks a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labour of thine hands;
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5 Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name!
Ye Angels, dwell upon the ſound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

6 O, may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name on harps of gold!

HYMN 175. Phil. iii. 7—9.

1 NO more, my God, I boaſt no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To truſt the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loſs:
My former pride I call my ſhame,
And nail my glory to his croſs.

3 Yes, Lord, I muſt and will eſteem
All things but loſs for Jesu's ſake;
O may my ſoul be found in him,
And of his righteouſneſs partake!

4 The beſt obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can anſwer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 176.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

1 THE LORD, my ſhepherd and my guide,
Will all my wants ſupply;
In ſafety I ſhall ſtill abide,
Beneath his watchful eye.

2 Amidſt the verdant flow'ry meads
He makes my ſweet repoſe,
When pain'd with thirſt, he gently leads
Where living water flows.

3 If from his fold I thoughtleſs ſtray,
He leads the wand'rer home,
And ſhews my erring feet the way
Where dangers cannot come.

4 Tho' haſt'ning to the ſilent tomb,
And death's dark ſhades appear;
Thy preſence, LORD, ſhall chear the gloom,
And baniſh ev'ry fear.

5 No evil can my ſoul diſmay,
While I am near my GOD;
My comfort, my ſupport and ſtay,
Thy ſtaff and guiding rod.

6 Thy conſtant bounties me ſurround,
Amidſt my envious foes;
My favour'd head with gladneſs crown'd,
My cup with bleſſing flows.

7 Thus ſhall thy goodneſs, love and care,
Attend my future days;
And I ſhall dwell for ever near
My God, and ſing his praiſe.

HYMN 177.

THE RELATIVE DUTIES.

1 CHRISTIANS in your ſev'ral ſtations,
Dutiful to all relations,
Give to each his proper due:
Let not their unkind behaviour
Make you diſobey your Saviour,
His command's the rule for you.

2 Parents, be to children tender;
Children, full obedience render
To your parents in the LORD:
Never ſlight, nor diſreſpect them;
Nor thro' pride, when old, reject them;
'Tis the precept of the word.

3 Wives, to huſbands yield ſubjection;
Huſbands, with a kind affection
Cheriſh, as yourſelves, your wives.
Maſters, rule with moderation,
Sway'd by juſtice, not by paſſion,
To the ſcriptures ſquare your lives.

4 Servants, ſerve your maſters truly ;
Not unfaithful, not unruly,
To the good—nor to the bad ;
Not refuſing what you're bidden ;
Nor replying when you're chidden ;
'Tis the ordinance of God.

5 This ſhall ſolve th' important queſtion,
Whether thou'rt a real chriſtian,
Better than each golden dream :
Better far than lip-expreſſion,
Tow'ring notions, great profeſſion,
This ſhall ſhew your love to him.

HYMN 178. PSALM C.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with ſacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men !
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe ;
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

HYMN 179. Redeeming love.

1 Come, heavenly love, inſpire my ſong
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endleſs charms
Dwell in the bliſsful ſound!
Its influence ev'ry fear diſarms,
And ſpreads ſweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effuſion flow,
For guilty rebels loſt in ſin,
And doom'd to endleſs woe.

4 God's only Son, (ſtupendous grace!)
Forſook his throne above;
And ſwift to ſave our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty Former of the ſkies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliſs a boundleſs ſtore:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wiſh for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy croſs I fall;
My Lord, my life, my ſacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN 180.

1 Let worldly minds the world purſue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has ſet me free.

2 Its pleaſures now no longer pleaſe,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like theſe,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The ſtars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthleſs worm like me!

6 Yes, tho' of ſinners I'm the worſt,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadſt not lov'd me firſt,
I had refuſ'd thee ſtill.

HYMN 181.

Christian love.

1 Let party names no more
The chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the ſaints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be baniſh'd far away;
Thoſe ſhou'd in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above,
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 182. THE SAME.

1 JESU, LORD, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyſelf the Prince of peace,
Bid all jars for ever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry ſtumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and ſpread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our LORD.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each another's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

* * *

HYMN 183.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My GOD, my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

2 GOD reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Thro' the whole earth his goodneſs ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compaſſions, LORD!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word,
To chear the ſoul he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim:
May we, who taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

HYMN 184. TRIBULATION.

1 The ſouls that would to Jesus preſs,
Muſt fix this firm and ſure,
That tribulation, more or leſs,
They muſt and ſhall endure.

2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wiſe decree:
Satan the weakeſt ſaint will tempt,
Nor is the ſtrongeſt free.

3 The world oppoſes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of ſin.

4 Glad frames too often lift us up,
And then how proud we grow;
Till ſad deſertion makes us droop,
And down we ſink as low.

5 Ten thouſand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart;
And ſeldom do we ſee the ſnares,
Before we feel the ſmart.

6 But let not all this terrify;
Purſue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with ſtedfaſt eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

7 Tho' we are feeble, CHRIST is ſtrong;
His promiſes are true;
We ſhall be conqu'rors all ere long,
And more than conqu'rors too.

HYMN 185.

1 WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find,
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
So prone to act ſo baſe a part,
And harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me then at length be taught,
What ſtill I am ſo ſlow to learn,
That GOD is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat;
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5 But O! my LORD, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will,
Drives doubt, and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

6 Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou therefore all the praiſe receive,
Be ſhame and ſelf-abhorrence mine.

HYMN 186.

TRIALS OVERCOME BY HOPE.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies;
I bid farewel to ev'ry fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

2 Shou'd death againſt my ſoul engage,
And helliſh darts be hurl'd;
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Shou'd cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My GOD, my heav'n, my all.

4 There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul,
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

HYMN 187.

ZECH. xiii. 1.

1 THE fountain of CHRIST
Aſſiſt me to ſing,
The blood of our Prieſt,
Our crucify'd King;
Which perfectly cleanſes
From ſin and from filth,
And richly diſpenſes
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain ſo dear
He'll freely impart,
Unlock'd by the ſpear,
It guſh'd from his heart,
With blood and with water,
The firſt to atone,
To cleanſe us the latter;
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, ſoon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But if guilt removed
Return, and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved
Again and again.

4 This fountain unſeal'd
Stands open for all
That long to be heal'd,
The great and the ſmall;
Here's ſtrength for the weakly
That hither are led;
Here's health for the ſickly,
Here's life for the dead.

5 This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty,
Come lotheſome and bare;
You can't come too filthy—
Come juſt as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all ſtain,
Whenever apply'd:
The water flows ſweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanſe ſouls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

HYMN 188.

SUBMISSION TO PROVIDENCE.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt,
So to the earth we ſoon return,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis GOD that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, bleſſed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions then;
Let each rebellious ſigh,
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 189.

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

1 LORD, how myſterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praiſe!
Thy ſteps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.

2 Thy deep decrees from creature-ſight
Are hid in ſhades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel-minds preſume to pry.

3 Great GOD! I wou'd not aſk to ſee
What in futurity ſhall be;
If light and bliſs attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praiſe.

4 Is darkneſs and diſtreſs my ſhare?
Then let me truſt thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length thro' ev'ry cloud ſhall ſhine.

5 Yet this my ſoul deſires to know,
Be this my only wiſh below;
"That CHRIST is mine!"—this great requeſt
Grant, bounteous GOD; and I am bleſt.

HYMN 190. Answer.

1 See how rude winter's icy hand
Has ſtripp'd the trees, and ſeal'd the ground;
But ſpring ſhall ſoon his rage withſtand,
And ſpread new beauties all around.

2 My ſoul a ſharper winter mourns;
Barren and lifeleſs I remain;
When will the gentle ſpring return,
And bid my graces grow again!

3 Jesus, my glorious ſun, ariſe,
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
O! huſh theſe ſtorms, and clear my ſkies,
And let me feel thy vital love!

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry;
I faint and droop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Muſt it be winter all the year?

5 Be ſtill, my ſoul, and wait his hour,
With humble pray'r, and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repoſe on what his promiſe ſaith.

6 He, by whoſe all-commanding words,
Seaſons their changing courſe maintain;
In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none ſhall ſeek his face in vain.

HYMN 191.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

1 How happy is the chriſtian's ſtate!
His ſins are all forgiv'n;
A chearing ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Tho' in the rugged path of life
He heaves the penſive ſigh,
Yet, truſting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wand'ring ſteps,
He feels the chaſt'ning rod;
The gentle ſtroke ſhall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome meſſage comes
To call his ſoul away;
His ſoul, in raptures, ſhall aſcend
To everlaſting day.

HYMN 192.

BACKSLIDERS.

1 Deserters, to the camp return,
Reſume your former poſt;
Bewail your crimes, your baſeneſs mourn,
For yet you are not loſt.

2 Yours is a ſad, a dangerous caſe;
Be humble, and repent:
Mercy, you'll find, tho' e'er ſo baſe,
The moment ye relent.

3 Sinners are ſav'd by Jesu's blood,
How vile ſoe'er they be;
Eternal life's the gift of God;
And gifts are always free.

4 'Tis not by works of righteouſneſs
Which any man has done;
But God has ſent the Son to bleſs:
Return and kiſs the Son.

HYMN 193.

SAFETY UNDER THE CROSS.

1 Here at thy croſs, my dying God,
I lay my ſoul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor ſhall it e'er remove.

2 Not all the tyrants think or ſay,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell ſhall fright my heart away,
Shou'd hell, with all its legions riſe.

3 Shou'd worlds conſpire to drive me thence,
Moveleſs and firm this heart ſhou'd lie;
Reſolv'd (for that's my laſt defence)
If I muſt periſh, there to die.

4 But ſpeak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not ſafe beneath thy ſhade?
Thy vengeance will not ſtrike me here,
Nor Satan dares my ſoul invade.

5 Yes; I'm ſecure beneath thy blood;
And all my foes ſhall loſe their aim:
Hoſanna to my dying God,
And my beſt honours to his name.

HYMN 194.

Public Thanks for Private Deliverance.

1 What ſhall I render, O my God,
For all thy kindneſs ſhewn!
My feet ſhall viſit thine abode,
My ſongs addreſs thy throne.

2 Among the ſaints that fill thy houſe,
My off'rings ſhall be paid,
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-bleſſed God!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou haſt made thy care,
LORD, I devote to thee.

HYMN 195.

PRAISE TO GOD THRO' THE WHOLE OF OUR EXISTENCE.

1 GOD of my life, thro' all my days,
My grateful pow'rs ſhall ſound thy praiſe;
The ſong ſhall 'wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the ſilent night.

2 When anxious cares wou'd break my reſt,
And grief wou'd tear my throbbing breaſt,
Thy tuneful praiſe I'll raiſe on high
And check the murmur, and the ſigh.

3 When death o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And all the pow'rs of language fail,
Joy thro' my ſwimming eyes ſhall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot ſpeak.

4 But O! when that laſt conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to fleſh no more,
With what glad accents ſhall I riſe,
To join the muſic of the ſkies!

5 Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted ſtrains,
Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing ſeraphs round thy throne.

HYMN 196.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

1 NOW, by the bowels of my GOD,
His ſharp diſtreſs, his ſore complaints,
By his laſt groans, his dying blood,
I charge my ſoul to love his ſaints.

2 Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and ſpite for ever ceaſe;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the ſaints, the ſons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noiſe & ſtrife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his love,
Who ſeals our ſouls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Thro' all our lives let mercy run;
So GOD forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear ſake of CHRIST his Son.

HYMN 197.

THE PROMIS'D LAND. ISA. xxxiii. 17.

1 FAR from theſe narrow ſcenes of night,
Unbounded glories riſe,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There pain and ſickneſs never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endleſs pleaſure reigns.

3 No cloud thoſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For ſin, the ſource of mortal woe,
Can never enter there!

4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor ſun's faint ſickly ray;
But glory from the ſacred throne
Spreads everlaſting day.

5 O may the heav'nly proſpect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and ſtrong deſire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

6 Prepare us, LORD, by grace divine
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our ſpirits riſe and join
The chorus of the ſky.

HYMN 198.

FAITH SHEWN BY WORKS.

1 SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honours of our SAVIOUR, GOD,
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

3 Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;
While juſtice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our ſpirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the LORD,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

HYMN 199.

HAPPY POVERTY. MATT. v. 3.

1 YE humble ſouls complain no more;
Let faith ſurvey your future ſtore:
How happy, how divinely bleſt,
The ſacred words of truth atteſt.

2 When conſcious grief laments ſincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reverſion in the ſkies.

3 In vain the ſons of wealth and pride
Deſpiſe your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boaſt their little ſtores,
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

4 There ſhall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious friend that dy'd for you;
That dy'd to ranſom, dy'd to raiſe
To crowns of joy, and ſongs of praiſe.

5 JESUS, to thee I breathe my pray'r;
Reveal, confirm my int'reſt there;
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my ſoul deſires to know.

6 O let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious bleſſing mine!
Enroll'd among the happy poor,
My largeſt wiſhes aſk no more.

HYMN 200.

SINS AND SORROWS LAID BEFORE GOD!

1 O That we knew the ſecret place
Where we might find our GOD!
We'd ſpread our wants before his face,
And pour our woes abroad.

2 We'd tell him how our ſins ariſe,
What ſorrows we ſuſtain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves our hearts in pain.

3 He knows what arguments we'd take
To wreſtle with our GOD;
We'd plead for his own mercy's ſake,
And for our Saviour's blood.

4 Our GOD will pity our complaints,
And heal our broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his ſaints,
The language of their groans.

5 Ariſe, my ſoul, from deep diſtreſs,
And baniſh ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To ſpread thy ſorrows there.

HYMN 201.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the ſacred ſong!
O may his love (immortal flame)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue diſplay?
Imagination's utmoſt ſtretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder ſtill with love unite,
And gratitude and joy ;
Jesus be our ſupreme delight,
His praiſe our beſt employ.

4 Jesus, who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliſs,
And came to earth to bleed and die :—
Was ever love like this ?

5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee ;
May ev'ry heart with rapture ſay,
“The Saviour dy'd for me.”

6 O may the ſweet the bliſsful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till ſtrangers love thy charming name,
And join the ſacred ſong.

HYMN 202.

The pardoning God.

1 Great God of wonders, all thy ways
Are matchleſs, godlike and divine ;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd ſhine.
Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free ?

2. Crimes of ſuch horror to forgive,
   Such guilty daring worms to ſpare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
   And none ſhall in the honour ſhare.
Who &c.

3. Angels and men, reſign your claim
   To pity, mercy, love and grace;
Theſe glories crown Jehovah's name
   With an incomparable blaze.
Who &c.

4 In wonder loſt, with trembling joy
   We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepeſt dye,
   A pardon bought with Jesu's blood.
Who &c.

5 O may this ſtrange, this matchleſs grace,
   This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praiſe,
   And all th' angelic hoſts above
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

HYMN 203.

HEAVENLY ASPIRATIONS.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
   A ſtranger to myſelf and thee;
Amidſt a thouſand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my higheſt love.

2 Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth,
And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth?
Why ſhould I cleave to things below,
And let my GOD, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe;
One ſovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys reſign.

4 Be earth with all her ſcenes withdrawn,
Let noiſe and vanity be gone;
In ſecret ſilence of the mind
My heav'n, and there my GOD, I find.

HYMN 204.

A LIVING AND DEAD FAITH.

1 MIſtaken ſouls, that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boaſt
Of inward joys, and ſins forgiv'n,
While they are ſlaves to luſt.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To CHRIST the living head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids our ſinful joys depart,
And lifts our thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celeſtial power;
This is the grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive hour.

HYMN 205.

TRUST IN GOD IN DIFFICULTIES.

1 WHY, O my heart, theſe anxious cares?
Why theſe tumultuous ſick'ning fears?
Why thus all-penſive and forlorn,
Doſt thou thy thick'ning troubles mourn?

2 When threat'ning ſtorms around thee riſe,
And louring tempeſts ſpread the ſkies,
On GOD, my ſoul, thy burden caſt,
And ſeek in him a peaceful reſt.

3 If falſhood and deceit abound,
And envy's darts in ſecret wound,
If earthly ſprings of comfort dry,
And ev'ry blooming joy ſhould die;

4 Silent I'll bear thy chaſt'ning rod,
Thy juſt diſpleaſure, O my GOD!
On thee I'll wait with eager eyes,
To thee my pray'r with hope ſhall riſe.

5 Yes, I ſhall hear thy cheering voice;
In thee my ſoul ſhall yet rejoice;
Thou wilt reveal thy ſmiling face,
And hence theſe gloomy horrors chace.

6 Thou art my Saviour, thou my God!
Thy grace will I proclaim abroad;
That grace which bears my guilt away,
And turns the blackeſt night to day.

HYMN 206.

THE RETURNING BACKSLIDER.

1 The Lord is kind in all his ways,
When moſt they ſeem ſevere;
He frowns and ſcourges and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.

2 With thorns he fences up our path,
And builds a wall around;
To guard us from the death that lurks
In ſin's forbidden ground.

3 When other lovers ſought in vain,
Our fond addreſs deſpiſe;
He opens his indulgent arms
With pity in his eyes:

4 Return, ye wand'ring ſouls, return,
And ſeek his tender breaſt;
Call back the memory of thoſe days,
When there you found your reſt.

5 Behold, great God! we come to thee,
Tho' bluſhes veil our face;
Conſtrain'd our laſt retreat to ſeek
In thy much-injur'd grace.

HYMN 207.

A PRAYER FOR A NEW SPIRIT.

EZEK. xxxvi. 26.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD of truth and love!
In me thy pow'r exert ;
The mountain from my ſoul remove,
The hardneſs of my heart.
My moſt obdurate heart ſubdue,
In honour to thy Son,
And now the gracious wonder ſhew,
And take away the ſtone.

2 I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A ſenſibility of ſin,
A pain to feel it near :
I want the firſt approach to feel
Of pride, or vain deſire,
To catch the wand'rings of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more depart,
No more thy goodneſs grieve ;
The filial awe, the fleſhly heart,
The tender conſcience give :
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O GOD ! my conſcience make ;
Awake my ſoul when ſin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake.

HYMN 208.

THE HEAVENLY GUEST. Rev. iii. 20.

1 AND will the Lord thus condeſcend
To viſit ſinful worms?
Thus at the door ſhall mercy ſtand
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprizing grace!—and ſhall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Muſt mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admiſſion ſue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis ſin, alas! with tyrant power
The lodging has poſſeſs'd;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Againſt the heav'nly gueſt.

5 Lord, riſe in thy all-conqu'ring grace,
Thy mighty power diſplay;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

6 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart,
Dear Saviour enter in,
And guard the paſſage to my heart,
And keep out ev'ry ſin.

HYMN 209.

WEAKNESS BEWAILED.

1 WHY is my heart ſo far from thee,
My GOD, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why ſhould my fooliſh paſſions rove?
Where can ſuch ſweetneſs be,
As I have taſted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful ſoul renews
The ſavour of thy grace,
My heart preſumes I cannot loſe
The reliſh all my days.

4 But e'er one fleeting hour is paſt,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some ſenſual bait to ſeize my taſte,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deluſive charms,
Intrude into my thoughtleſs heart,
And thruſt thee from my arms.

6 Then I repent and grieve my ſoul
That I ſhou'd leave thee ſo:
Where will thoſe wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?

7 Make haſte, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to reſt
On the dear centre of my ſoul,
My God, my Saviour's breaſt.

HYMN 210.

THE DANGER OF CREATURE-COMFORTS.

1 How vain are all things here below!
How falſe and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure has its poiſon too;
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
When we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe?
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 211.

SINS AND DOUBTS OVERCOME BY GRACE.

1 WHY does your face, ye humble ſouls,
Thoſe mournful colours wear?
What doubts are theſe that waſte your faith,
And nouriſh your deſpair?

2 What tho' your num'rous ſins exceed
The ſtars that fill the ſkies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains riſe;

3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation ſwell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell;

4 See here an endleſs Ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The ſacred flood increaſe:

5 It riſes high and drowns the hills,
Has neither ſhore nor bound;
Now, if we ſearch to find our ſins,
Our ſins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults;
And pard'ning blood that ſwells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 212.

SATAN'S DEVICES EXPOSED.

1 I Hate the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The ſerpent takes a thouſand forms,
To cheat our ſouls to death.

2 Now he perſuades "how eaſy 'tis
"To walk the road to heav'n;"
And now he ſwells our ſins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiven."

3 He bids young ſinners yet forbear
To think of God or death;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath.

4 He tells the aged they muſt die,
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have loſt their day.

5 Thus he ſupports his cruel throne
By miſchief and deceit,
And drags the ſons of Adam down
To darkneſs and the pit.

6 Almighty God! cut ſhort his pow'r,
Let him in darkneſs dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 213.

THE VANITY OF WORLDLY SCHEMES.

1 TO-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy ſov'reign hand;
And if its ſun ariſe and ſhine,
It ſhines by thy command.

2 The preſent moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy ſervants truly wiſe,
That they may live to day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thy almighty pow'r
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it ſtill purſu'd;
Leſt ſlighted once, the ſeaſon fair
Should never be renew'd!

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Leſt life's young golden beams ſhould die
In ſudden endleſs night.

◆

HYMN 214.

DESIRING TO LOVE GOD ABOVE ALL.

1 AND is it yet, dear LORD, a doubt,
If in my breaſt thou reign'ſt alone?
O find the lurking rival out,
And drag the traitor from the throne.

2 Would earth's deluſive, trifling charms,
Aſſume a power above thy name?
Stab each uſurper in my arms,
And vindicate thy rightful claim.

3 By purchaſe, duty, ev'ry tie,
Yea choice itſelf, LORD, I am thine;
Maintain thy right, or let me die,
Ere from thy love my ſoul decline.

4 If my unſteady heart wou'd rove,
(And well thou know'ſt its treach'rous frame,)
If ought below, or ought above,
Would ſhare or quench the ſacred flame;

5 Chace the curs'd object from my ſoul,
Thence, thence the twining miſchief tear;
Reign thou the ſovereign of the whole,
Be Lord of ev'ry motion there.

HYMN 215.

THE PATH TO HEAVEN THROUGH THIS WORLD.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no ſupply,
No cheering fruits, no wholeſome trees,
Nor ſtreams of living joy?

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poiſons grow,
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,
Lies thro' this horrid land:
LORD, we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward ſtill;
Forget the trouble of the ways,
And reach at Sion's hill.

5 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There JESUS the forerunner waits
To welcome trav'lers home.

HYMN 210.

DESIRING TO BE KEPT IN GOD'S WAY.

1 Thou, whom my ſoul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love;
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy ſweeteſt paſture grow?

2 Where is the ſhadow of that rock
That from the ſun defends thy flock?
Fain wou'd I feed among thy ſheep,
Among them reſt, among them ſleep.

3 Why ſhould thy bride appear like one
That turns aſide to paths unknown?
My conſtant feet would never rove,
Would never ſeek another love.

4 The footſteps of thy flock I ſee;
The ſweeteſt paſtures here they be;
A wond'rous feaſt thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds and groans and tears.

5 His deareſt fleſh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richeſt blood:
Here to theſe hills my ſoul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.

HYMN 217.

GRACE AND SIN.

1 WHAT jarring nature dwells within,
Imperfect grace and reigning ſin?
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart aſſail.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious paſſion ſlain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me riſe,
Borne upwards to my native ſkies,
While faith aſſiſts my ſoaring flight
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

4 Scarce a few hours, or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive ſoul;
I feel its ſympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward courſe.

5 How ſhort the joys thy viſits give,
How long thine abſence, LORD, I grieve!
What clouds obſcure my riſing ſun,
Or intercept its rays at noon?

6 How oft I raiſe my down-caſt eye
For aid, but find no ſuccour nigh;
While rebel-luſts, oppos'd in vain,
Exert their pow'r, and ſtrive to reign.

7 My feeble knees I bend again,
My drooping hands again I rear;
Vain is the taſk, the effort vain,
My heart abhors the irkſome pray'r.

8 Thou ſacred Source of light and love,
Whence all thy peoples joys ariſe,
Thou holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
O hear thine humble ſuppliant's cries!

9 Aſſiſt me thro' the doubtful fight;
Thou the deſponding heart canſt raiſe;
Canſt make me triumph in thy might;
The vict'ry thine, and thine the praiſe.

HYMN 218.

LONGING FOR A SENSE OF PARDON.

1 THY preſence, Saviour, may I feel,
O ſtamp me with thy Spirit's ſeal!
LORD, ſeal my pardon with thy blood,
And let me know I'm born of GOD.

2 One precious drop, LORD JESUS, grant;
O! for one precious drop I pant!
By faith apply thy healing blood,
That I may cry, My LORD, my GOD!

3 Sprinkle it on my conſcience, LORD,
O let me hear the pow'rful word,
That raiſ'd the dead, and chears the ſoul,
And makes the ſin-ſick ſinner whole.

4 And when this mortal life is o'er,
And pain and ſinning is no more,
Receive my ſoul to thy bleſs'd home:
O come, LORD JESUS, quickly come!

HYMN 219.

WEARY SOULS INVITED TO REST.

MATT. xi. 28.

1 COME, weary ſouls, with ſins diſtreſt,
The Saviour offers heav'nly reſt;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And caſt your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppreſs'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and ſpread your woes abroad;
Divine compaſſion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundleſs ocean flows,
To cleanſe your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endleſs peace—
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 LORD, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And ſweetly influence ev'ry breaſt,
And guide us to eternal reſt.

HYMN 220.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliſs,
And ſaves me from its ſnares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And ſoftens all my cares:

2 Extinguiſhes the thirſt of ſin,
And lights the ſacred fire
Of love to GOD and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure deſire.

3 The wounded conſcience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give;
That balm the ſaddeſt heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celeſtial worlds,
Where deathleſs pleaſures reign;
And bids me ſeek my portion there,
Nor bids me ſeek in vain.

5 Shews me the precious promiſe, ſeal'd
With the redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to reſt
Upon a faithful GOD.

6 There, there unſhaken would I reſt,
Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory riſe.

HYMN 221.

THE INCREASING POWER OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

1 ALL hail, incarnate GOD!
The wond'rous things foretold
Of thee in ſacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its ſilver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brighteſt days:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King!

3 O haſte, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When ſouls like drops of dew
Shall own thy gentle ſway:
O may it bleſs our longing eyes,
And bear our ſhouts beyond the ſkies.

4 All hail, triumphant LORD!
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations ſue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne ſhall ſtand for ever ſure.

HYMN 222.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

1 GOD is King, ye lands rejoice;
Lift, ye Iſles, a thankful voice;
Ev'ry throne by him controll'd,
Well ſecures the paſſive world.

2 Higher than the ſons of pride,
He bids the raging waves ſubſide;
Whatever ſtrifes the nations fill,
The whole centers to his will.

3 O how deep his counſel lies!
How unfathomably wiſe!
Ev'ry way his will is done,
Ev'ry way his pow'r is ſhown.

4 Thoughts are vain againſt the LORD,
All ſubſerve his ſtanding word;
Satan lets, and men object,
Yet the thing they thwart, effect.

5 Subjects of the LORD, be bold;
JESUS will the kingdom hold;
Wheels encircling wheels muſt run,
Each in place to bring it on!

6 Bleſt is Faith, that truſts his pow'r;
Bleſt is Faith, that waits his hour!
Haſte, great Conqu'ror, bring it near,
Let the glorious cloſe appear.

HYMN 223.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD, NOT IN WORD, BUT IN POWER.

1 A Form of words, tho' e'er ſo ſound,
Can never ſave a ſoul.
The Holy Ghoſt muſt give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.

2 Tho' God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I ſee,
Till I am told by God's own mouth,
That He has choſen *Me*.

3 Sinners, I read, are juſtify'd
By faith in Jesu's blood:
But when to me that blood's apply'd,
'Tis then I've peace with God.

4 Imputed righteouſneſs I own,
A doctrine moſt divine;
When Jesus to my heart makes known
That all his merit's *Mine*.

5 To perſeverance I agree;
The thing to me is clear;
Becauſe the Lord has promiſ'd *Me*
That I ſhall perſevere.

6 Thus chriſtians glorify the Lord;
His Spirit join'd with ours,
In bearing witneſs to his word,
With all its ſaving pow'rs.

HYMN 224.

Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

1 I Am, ſaith Christ, the *Way*:
Now if we credit him,
All other paths muſt lead aſtray,
How fair ſoe'er they ſeem.

2 I am, ſaith Christ, the *Truth*:
Then all that lacks this teſt,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at beſt.

3 I am, ſaith Christ, the *Life*:
Let this be ſeen by faith;
It follows, without further ſtrife,
That all beſides is death.

4 If what thoſe words aver,
The Holy Ghoſt apply;
The ſimpleſt chriſtian ſhall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

HYMN 225.

BREATHING AFTER CHRIST.

1 COME, thou bleſt JESUS, quickly come,
Deſcend, thou bright immortal gueſt;
Within my heart erect thy throne,
And reign unrivall'd in my breaſt.

2 Not all that's great, or good, or fair,
Can pleaſe, or fix my choice below:
I long in purer joys to ſhare,
Which only from thy preſence flow.

3 No more the world my boſom warms,
When thy ſuperior glories ſhine:
I die to all created charms,
If JESUS whiſpers, HE IS MINE.

4 Oppreſs'd with care and pain, I roam
At diſtance from my native place:
Come, the bright hour that bears me home,
To view my JESUS face to face.

HYMN 226.

CHRIST THE ONLY SAVIOUR. Isa. liii. 6.

1 LONG did my ſoul in JESUS's form
No comelineſs nor beauty ſee;
His ſacred name by others priz'd,
Was taſteleſs ſtill, and dead to me.

2 Men call'd me Chriſtian, and my heart
On that deluſion fondly ſtay'd;
Moral my hopes, my Saviour ſelf,
Till mighty grace the cheat diſplay'd.

3 Thanks to the hand that wak'd my dream,
That ſhew'd me wretched, naked, poor;
That ſweetly led me to the rock,
Where all ſalvation ſtands ſecure.

4 Glad, I forſook my righteous pride,
My moral, tarniſh'd, ſinful dreſs;
Exchang'd my droſs away for CHRIST,
And found the robe of righteouſneſs.

HYMN 227.

1 JESUS, thou everlaſting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deſerv'd renown,
And wear our praiſes as thy crown.

2 Let ev'ry act of worſhip be,
Like our eſpouſals, LORD, to thee;
Like the bleſt hour, when from above
We firſt receiv'd the pledge of love.

3 The gladneſs of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever ſtay!
Nor let our faith forſake its hold,
Our hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys,
Till we are raiſ'd to ſing thy name,
At the great ſupper of the Lamb.

HYMN 228.

GOD ALL IN ALL. PSALM XVIII. 46.

1 The great JEHOVAH reigns
Upon a throne ſublime;
And from his own eternity
Sees the wide waſtes of time.

2 This great JEHOVAH's mine,
The ſaint in rapture cries;
And to this everlaſting *rock*
My joyful ſpirit flies.

3 From this immortal ſpring
Immenſe ſalvation flows;
And with the wonders of his love
My grateful boſom glows.

4 His name ſhall be my ſong
While life and breath are giv'n;
And his unceaſing praiſe ſhall run
Thro' all the days of heav'n.

HYMN 220.

THE DIVIDED HEART LAMENTED.

1 Strange that ſo much of heav'n & hell
Shou'd in one boſom meet!
Lord! can thy Spirit ever dwell
Where Satan has a ſeat.

2 Now I am all transform'd to love,
And cou'd expire in praiſe;
Then ſoon not all the joys above
One cheerful note can raiſe.

3 When I with penſive thoughts review
The mazes I have trod,
Aſtoniſh'd at the grace that drew
My wand'ring ſoul to God.

4 O with what ardent zeal I vow
A rectitude within!
What indignation fires me now
At the mere thoughts of ſin!

5 Yet vain amuſements, hurrying cares,
Trifles of loſs or gain,
Or carnal joys, or worldly fears,
Seduce my heart again.

6 By faithful hopes, and golden dreams,
I'm nurtur'd, or betray'd;
Still toſt between the two extremes,
Too vain, or too diſmay'd.

7 Decide the dubious, awful caſe
By ſome aſſuring ſign;
And O may thy all-conqu'ring grace
Demonſtrate I am thine.

HYMN 230.

CHRIST JUSTIFIES AND SANCTIFIES, John xix. 34.

1 MY Saviour's pierced ſide
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by thy blood.

2 Look up, my ſoul, to him,
Whoſe death was thy deſert,
And humbly view the living ſtream
Flow from his breaking heart.

3 There on the curſed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants ſupplies.

4 Thus the redeemer came
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit ſpeaks the ſame,
We feel his witneſs good.

5 LORD, cleanſe my ſoul from ſin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witneſs to my heart.

HYMN 231.

FOR VICTORY OVER DEATH.

1 O For an overcoming faith
To cheat my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monſter, death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful with all the ſtrength I have,
My quiv'ring lips ſhou'd ſing,
" Where is thy boaſted vict'ry, grave?
" And where the monſter's ſting?"

3 If ſin be pardon'd, I'm ſecure;
Death has no ſting beſide;
The law gives ſin its damning pow'r;
But CHRIST, my ranſom, dy'd.

4 Now to the GOD of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' CHRIST our living head.

HYMN 232.

SAFETY IN CHRIST.

1 BEset with ſnares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I ſtand:
Saviour divine! diffuſe thy light,
To guide my doubtful footſteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God! to chooſe the better part;
To ſcorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildeſt ſtorms ariſe,
Let tempeſts mingle earth and ſkies;
No fatal ſhipwreck ſhall I fear,
But all my treaſure with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, ſtill art nigh,
Chearful I live, and chearful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thouſand worlds in thee.

HYMN 233.

To the Holy Ghost.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams ariſe;
Diſpel the darkneſs from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſts the flames
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our ſin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The ſecret love of God,

4 'Tis thine to cleanſe the heart,
To ſanctify the ſoul,
To pour freſh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

5 If thou, celeſtial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What eaſy victims ſoon we fall
To conſcience, wrath, and law!

6 No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our ſin revives; and death and hell
Our feeble ſouls aſſail.

7 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then ſhall we know, and praiſe, & love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

HYMN 234.

CHRIST OUR WISDOM, RIGHTEOUSNESS, SANCTIFICATION, AND REDEMPTION.

1 BElievers own they are but blind;
They own themſelves unwiſe;
But wiſdom in the LORD they find,
Who opens all their eyes.

2 Unrighteous are they all when try'd;
But GOD himſelf declares,
In JESUS they are juſtify'd;
His righteouſneſs is theirs.

3 That we're unholy needs no proof,
We ſorely feel the fall;
But CHRIST has holineſs enough
To ſanctify us all.

4 Expos'd by ſin to GOD's juſt wrath,
We look to CHRIST and view
Redemption in his blood by faith;
And full redemption too.

5 Some this, ſome that, good virtue teach,
To rectify the ſoul:
But we firſt after JESUS reach,
And richly graſp the whole.

6 To JESUS join'd we all that's good
From him our head derive:
We eat his fleſh and drink his blood;
And by, and in him live.

HYMN 235.

DIVINE STRENGTH IN HUMAN WEAKNESS.

1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
Nor ſword nor ſpear the ſtripling took,
But choſe a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Iſrael's God and King,
Who ſent him to the fight,
Who gave him ſtrength to ſling,
And ſkill to aim aright:
Ye feeble ſaints, your ſtrength endures,
Becauſe young David's God is yours.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To ſtorm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher, and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the hoſt were overthrown.

4 O, I have ſeen the day,
When with a ſingle word,
God helping me to ſay
"My truſt is in the Lord;"
My ſoul has quell'd a thouſand foes,
Fearleſs of all that wou'd oppoſe.

5 But unbelief, ſelf-will,
Self-righteouſneſs and pride,
How often do they ſteal
My weapon from my ſide!
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his ſervant to the end.

HYMN 236.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF SIN.

1 SIN has a thouſand treach'rous arts
To practiſe on the mind,
With flatt'ring looks ſhe tempts our hearts,
But leaves a ſting behind.

2 With names of virtue ſhe deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedleſs wretch believes,
She makes his fetters ſtrong.

3 She pleads for all the joys ſhe brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the ſoul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to ſenſe.

4 So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poiſon there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 237.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

1 LET us love and ſing and wonder,
Let us praiſe the Saviour's name;
He has huſh'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame;
He has waſh'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to GOD.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes.
He has waſh'd us with his blood,
He preſents our ſouls to God.

3 Let us ſing, tho' fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord our ſtrong ſalvation,
Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown.
He who waſh'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us wonder, grace and juſtice
Join and point to mercy's ſtore;
When thro' grace in Christ our truſt is,
Juſtice ſmiles and aſks no more:
He who waſh'd us with his blood,
Has ſecur'd our way to God.

5 Let us praiſe and join the chorus
Of the ſaints enthron'd on high;
Here they truſted him before us,
Now their praiſes fill the ſky.
Thou haſt waſh'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!

6 Yes, we praiſe thee, gracious Saviour,
Wonder, love, and bleſs thy name;
‘Pardon, Lord, our poor endeavour,
Pity, for thou know'ſt our frame.
Waſh our ſouls and ſongs with blood,
‘For by thee we come to God.

HYMN 238.

TRUE AND FALSE ZEAL.

1 Zeal is that pure and heav'nly flame
The fire of love ſupplies;
But that which often bears the name,
Is ſelf in a diſguiſe.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear:
The falſe is headſtrong, fierce and wild,
And breaths revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the chriſtian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But ſelf contends for names and forms,
Its party to increaſe.

4 Zeal has attain'd its higheſt aim,
Its wiſh is ſatisfy'd,
If ſinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor ſeeks it aught beſide.

5 But ſelf, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And ſays, as boaſting Jehu cry'd,
"Come ſee what I can do!"

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the beſt applauſe will gain
When Jesus ſhall appear.

7 Dear Lord! the idol ſelf dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be ſhewn,
But that which ſprings from love.

HYMN 239.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

1 How glorious the Lamb
Is ſeen on the throne!
His labours are o'er,
His conqueſts are won.
A kingdom is giv'n
Into the Lamb's hand,
In earth, and in heav'n,
For ever to ſtand.

2 Ye ſinners below
That truſt in the Lord,
Look up to his arm,
His honour, his word;
Athirſt for his favour,
His godhead adore;
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy evermore!

HYMN 240. GRACE.

1 RICH grace, free grace moſt ſweetly calls,
Directly come who will;
Juſt as you are, for CHRIST receives
Poor helpleſs ſinners ſtill.

2 'Tis grace each day that feeds our ſouls;
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And, O! that nothing elſe but grace
May rule for evermore!

HYMN 241.

1 LO! to the hills I lift my eyes;
Thy promis'd help I claim;
Father of mercies, glorify
The holy JESU's name.

2 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,
All, all I want is there.

HYMN 242.

1 STILL, O LORD, our faith increaſe,
Cleanſe from all unrighteouſneſs;
Thee, th' unholy cannot ſee,
Make, O make us meet for thee!

Ev'ry vile affection kill,
Free our ſouls from ev'ry ill;
Conquer ev'ry reigning ſin,
Write thy law of love within.

2 Hence may all out actions flow,
Love the proof that CHRIST we know,
Mutual love the token be,
LORD, that we belong to thee!
Love, thine image, love impart,
Stamp it on each face and heart;
Only love to us be giv'n,
LORD, we aſk no other heav'n.

HYMN 243.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD RELIED ON.

1 OUR GOD! how firm his promiſe ſtands,
Ev'n when he hides his face!
He truſts in our redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my ſoul, theſe ſad complaints,
Since CHRIST and we are one?
Our GOD is faithful to his ſaints,
Is faithful to his Son!

3 Beneath his ſmiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n poſſeſs'd;
I'll praiſe him for his grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt.

HYMN 244.

CHRIST's INTERCESSION.

HEBREWS vii. 25.

1 A Dawn of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair;
If yet for me IMMANUEL lives
To plead his potent pray'r.

2 Diſpel then, LORD, theſe ſhades of night,
My ſullen doubts remove;
O ſend a ray of heav'nly light,
And lead me to thy love.

HYMN 245.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

1 THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our GOD we owe;
But 'tis the goſpel muſt reveal
Where lies our ſtrength to do his will.

2 The law diſcovers guilt and ſin,
And ſhews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the goſpel can expreſs
Forgiving love, and cleanſing grace.

HYMN 246.

THE SAINTS DELIVERANCE AT DEATH. REV. xxi. 4.

1 CHRIST's own ſoft hand ſhall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itſelf ſhall die.

2 How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly ſwiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 247.

THE SAINT'S SAFETY IN GOD.

1 HE that has made his refuge GOD,
Shall find a moſt ſecure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his ſhade,
And there at night ſhall reſt his head.

2 Thrice happy man, thy maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's ſnare;
Satan the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded ſouls a thouſand ways.

3 What tho' a thouſand at thy ſide,
At thy right hand a thouſand dy'd,
Thy God his choſen people ſaves
Amongſt the dead, amidſt the graves.

HYMN 248.

THE HEART DEVOTED TO GOD.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raiſe the ſong.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee.

3 But who can ſpeak thy wond'rous deeds?
Thy greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds;
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe.

HYMN 249.

THE EVERLASTING COVENANT.

2 SAM. xxiii. 5.

1 THY word, O God, ſupports my faith,
From thence my hope doth ſpring;
Founded alone on what God ſaith,
My ſoul, adore and ſing.

2 Thy word is truth, thy promiſe ſure,
Hence faith and hope abide:
My ſoul in ſafety ſhall endure;
Nought can from CHRIST divide.

HYMN 250. TO THE TRINITY.

1 BLeſs'd be the FATHER, and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great SON of GOD,
From whoſe dear wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

3 We give thee, SACRED SPIRIT, praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and woe
Mak'ſt living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into endleſs glory flow.

HYMN 251.

COMFORT FOR MOURNERS.

1 WHERE are the mourners, ſays the LORD,
That wait and tremble at my word?
That walk in darkneſs all the day?
Come make my name your truſt and ſtay.

2 The ſofteſt couch that nature knows,
Can give the conſcience no repoſe;
Look to my righteouſneſs and live;
Comfort and peace are mine to give.

HYMN 252.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſtand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be ſeen,
Like a young cedar freſh and green.

2 There grow thy ſaints in faith and love,
Bleſt with thy influence from above;
Time, that does all things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they ſhew
The LORD is holy, juſt and true:
None that attend his gates, ſhall find
A GOD unfaithful, or unkind.

HYMN 253. FREE GRACE.

1 WHY was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thouſands make a wretched choice,
And rather ſtarve than come?

2 'Twas the ſame love that made the feaſt,
That ſweetly forc'd us in;
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our ſin.

HYMN 254.

COMPLEATNESS IN CHRIST.

1 HAD I ten thouſand gifts beſide,
I'd cleave to JESUS crucify'd,
And build on him alone:
For no foundation is there giv'n
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,
But CHRIST the corner-ſtone.

2 Poſſeſſing CHRIST, I all poſſeſs;
Wiſdom, and ſtrength, and righteouſneſs,
And ſanctity complete:
Bold in his name I dare draw nigh,
Before the ruler of the ſky,
And all his juſtice meet.

HYMN 255. THE PARADOX.

1 HOW ſtrange is the courſe that a chriſtian muſt ſteer?
How perplext is the path he muſt tread?
The hope of his happineſs riſes from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.

2 His faireſt pretenſions muſt wholly be wav'd,
And his beſt reſolutions be croſt;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly ſav'd,
Till he find himſelf utterly loſt.

3 When all this is done, and his heart is aſſur'd
Of the total remiſſion of ſins;
When his pardon is ſign'd, and his peace is procur'd,
From that moment his conflict begins.

HYMN 256.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt, ſet to thy ſeal,
Thine inward witneſs give,
And to my inmoſt ſoul reveal
The death by which I live.

2 Give me to underſtand that ſound,
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves, and rent the ground,
And broke the rocks in twain.

3 Repeat my dying Saviour's cry
Unto my heart ſo loud,
That my whole ſoul may now reply,
"This was the Son of GOD."

HYMN 257.

Deſiring Communion with God.

1 MY riſing ſoul with ſtrong deſires
To perfect happineſs aſpires;
With ſteady ſteps wou'd tread the road
That leads to heav'n, that leads to God.

2 I thirſt to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above;
My deareſt Lord, I long to be
Empty'd of ſin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn:
Art thou withdrawn? Again return;
Nor let me be the firſt to ſay,
Thou wilt not hear when ſinners pray.

HYMN 258.

Self-examination.

1 THY piercing eye, O God, ſurveys
The various windings of my ways;
Teach me their tendency to know,
And try the paths in which I go.

2 How wild, how crooked have they been?
A maze of fooliſhneſs and ſin!
With all the light I vainly boaſt,
Leaving my guide, my ſoul is loſt.

3 O turn me back to thee again!
Or I ſhall ſearch my ways in vain:
Do thou the path of life reveal,
And lead me up to Zion's hill.

HYMN 259. Heb. vi. 17—19.

1 HOW oft have ſin and Satan ſtrove
To rend my ſoul from thee, my God?
But everlaſting is thy love,
And Jesus ſeals it with his blood.

2 Amidſt temptations ſharp and long,
My ſoul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and ſtrong,
While tempeſts blow, and billows riſe.

3 The goſpel bears my ſpirits up;
A faithful, and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promiſes, and blood.

HYMN 260.

1 Glory be to God on high, Hallelujah.
God, whoſe glory fills the ſky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King, Hal.
Thee we now preſume to ſing;
Glad thine attributes confeſs,
Glorious all, and numberleſs.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd, Hal.
Hail, the everlaſting Lord;
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of pow'r, and God of love!

HYMN 261. John xiii. 1.

1 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whoſe love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows meaſure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

HYMN 262.

A blessed gospel.

1 Bleſt are the ſouls that hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.

2 Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Thro' their redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength, and ſalvation gives;
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN 263.

Human weakneſs and Chriſt's ſtrength.

1 Let me but hear my Saviour ſay,
"Strength ſhall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep diſtreſs,
Leaning on all-ſufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may reſt on me;
When I am weak, then am I ſtrong,
Grace is my ſhield, and Christ my ſong.

HYMN 264. Job v. 19.

1 Why ſhou'd I doubt his love at laſt,
With anxious thoughts perplext?
Who ſav'd me in the troubles paſt,
Will ſave me in the next:
Will ſave, till at my lateſt hour,
With more than conqueſt bleſt,
I ſoar beyond temptation's pow'r,
To my redeemer's breaſt.

HYMN 265.

DESIRING CHRIST.

1 COME, O thou univerſal good!
Balm of the wounded conſcience, come!
The hungry, dying ſpirit's food;
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the ſhipwreck'd in,
My everlaſting reſt from ſin!

2 Come, O my comfort and delight!
My ſtrength, and health, and ſhield, and ſun;
My boaſt, my confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My goſpel-hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradiſe.

HYMN 266. SALVATION.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful ſound!
What pleaſure to our ears!
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound!

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praiſe belongs:
Salvation ſhall inſpire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 267.

Every creature at God's command.

1 Elijah's example declares,
Whatever diſtreſs may betide,
The ſaints may commit all their cares
To him who will always provide.
When rain long withheld from the earth
Occaſion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, ſecur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was conſtantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey;
But where the Lord's people have need,
His goodneſs will find out a way.
This inſtance, to thoſe may ſeem ſtrange,
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But ſooner all nature ſhall change,
Than one of God's promiſes fail.

3 Nor is it a ſingular caſe;
The wonder is often renew'd;
And many may ſay to God's praiſe,
By ravens he ſendeth them food.

Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and ſelfiſh their mind,
If God has a ſervant to feed,
Againſt their own wills can be kind.

4 Thus Satan, the raven unclean,
That croaks in the ears of the ſaints,
O'errul'd by a power unſeen,
Adminiſters oft to their wants:
God teaches them how to find food
From all the temptations they feel;
This raven who thirſts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How ſafe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He'll give them out ſtrength for their day,
Their wants he will ſurely ſupply.
He ravens and lions can tame;
All creatures obey his command:
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

HYMN 268.

Vanity of the World.

1 GOD gives his mercies to be ſpent,
Your hoard will do your ſoul no good;
Gold is a bleſſing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.

2 The world's eſteem is but a bribe:
To buy their peace you'll ſell your own;
The ſlave of a vainglorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.

3 The joy that vain amuſements give,
O ſad concluſion that it brings;
The honey of a crouded hive,
Defended by a thouſand ſtings.

4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treach'rous ſmiles;
She leads them blindfold by her rules,
And ruins all whom ſhe beguiles.

5 God knows the thouſands who go down
From pleaſure into endleſs woe:
They give a long deſpairing groan,
And dread their Maker as they go.

6 O fearful thought! be timely wiſe,
Delight but in a Saviour's charms,
And God ſhall take you to the ſkies,
Embrac'd in everlaſting arms.

HYMN 269.

1 Come, guilty ſouls, and flee away,
Like doves, to Jesu's wounds;
This is the welcome goſpel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus ſays he'll caſt out none
That come to him by faith.

HYMN 270.

SELF-ACQUAINTANCE.

1 DEAR LORD, accept a ſinful heart
Which of itſelf complains,
And mourns with much & frequent ſmart,
The evil it contains.

2 Thoſe fiery ſeeds of anger lurk,
That often hurt my frame,
And wait but for the tempter's work
To fan them to a flame.

3 Legality holds out a bribe
To purchaſe life from thee,
And diſcontent would fain preſcribe
How thou ſhalt deal with me.

4 While unbelief withſtands thy grace,
And puts the mercy by,
Preſumption with a brow of braſs
Says, Give me, or I die.

5 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In queſt of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!

6 O cleanſe me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power,
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 271.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S UNIFORM.

1 DRESS uniform the ſoldiers wear
When duty calls abroad;
Not purchas'd at their coſt or care,
But by the Prince beſtow'd.

2 CHRIST's ſoldiers too, if chriſt-like bred,
Have regimental dreſs;
'Tis linen white, and fac'd with red,
'Tis CHRIST's own righteouſneſs.

3 A rich and ſightly robe it is,
And to the ſoldier dear;
No roſe can learn to bluſh like this,
Nor lily look ſo fair.

4 'Tis wrought by JESU's ſkilful hand,
And ting'd with his own blood;
It makes the cherubs gazing ſtand
To view this robe of GOD.

5 No art of man can weave this robe,
'Tis of ſuch texture fine;
Nor could the wealth of all the globe
By purchaſe make it mine.

6 'Tis of one piece, and wove throughout;
So curious wove, that none
Can dreſs up in this ſeamleſs coat,
Till JESUS put it on.

7 This veſture never waxeth old,
No ſpot thereon can fall;
It makes a ſoldier briſk and bold,
And dutiful withal.

8 This robe put on me, LORD, each day,
And it ſhall hide my ſhame;
Shall make me fight, and ſing, and pray,
And bleſs my Captain's name.

HYMN 272.

1 CONFIRM the hope thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed,
Bleſs the proviſion of thy houſe,
And ſatisfy thy poor with bread.

2 Drawn by thy invitation, LORD,
Athirſt and hungry we are come:
Now from the fulneſs of thy word,
Feaſt us, and ſend us thankful home.

HYMN 273.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take;
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the LORD by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
GOD is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 274. MOONLIGHT.

1 THE moon has but a borrow'd light,
A faint and feeble ray;
She owes her beauty to the night,
And hides herſelf by day.

2 No chearing warmth her beam conveys,
Tho' pleaſing to behold:
We might upon her brightneſs gaze
Till we were ſtarv'd with cold.

3 Juſt ſuch is all the light to man
Which reaſon can impart;
It cannot ſhew one object plain,
Nor warm the frozen heart.

4 Thus moonlight-views of truth divine
To many fatal prove;
For what avails in gifts to ſhine,
Without a ſpark of love?

5 The goſpel, like the ſun at noon,
Affords a glorious light;
Then human reaſon's boaſted moon
Appears no longer bright.

6 And grace, not only light beſtows,
But adds a quick'ning pow'r;
The deſert bloſſoms like the roſe,
And ſin prevails no more.

HYMN 275.

COMFORT FOR WEAK BELIEVERS.

1 YE lambs of CHRIST's fold,
Ye weaklings in faith,
Who long to lay hold
On life by his death;

Who fain wou'd believe him,
  And in your beſt room
Wou'd gladly receive him,
  But fear to preſume.

2 Remember one thing,
  (O may it ſink deep)
Our Shepherd and King
  Cares much for his ſheep.
To truſt him endeavour;
  The work is his own:
He makes the believer,
  And gives him his crown.

3 Thoſe feeble deſires,
  Thoſe wiſhes ſo weak,
'Tis Jesus inſpires,
  And bids you ſtill ſeek.
His Spirit will cheriſh
  The life he firſt gave:
You never ſhall periſh,
  If Jesus can ſave.

4 The lambs are preſerv'd,
  Tho' helpleſs in kind;
When lions are ſtarv'd,
  They nouriſhment find:
Their Shepherd upholds them,
  When faint, in his arms;
And feeds them and folds them,
  And guards them from harms.

5 Bleſt ſoul, that can ſay,
“ Christ only I ſeek;
Wait for him alway,
Be conſtant, tho' weak:
The Lord whom thou ſeekeſt
Will not tarry long;
And to him the weakeſt
Is dear as the ſtrong.

HYMN 276.

The word of God more precious than gold.

1 Precious Bible! what a treaſure
Does the word of God afford?
All I want for life or pleaſure,
Food & med'cine, shield & sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a ſtranger,
Here my hungry ſoul enjoys;
Of exceſs there is no danger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloys.
On a dying Christ I feed,
Here is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and ſickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find:
To the promiſes I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of conſolation
Is to me a mighty SHIELD.
While the ſcripture-truths endure,
From his pow'r I'm ſecure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's SWORD,
Then with eaſe I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a ſword for conqueſt made,
Keen the edge, and ſharp the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miſer
Doating on his golden ſtore?
Sure I am, or ſhou'd be wiſer;
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
JESUS gives me in his word
Food and med'cine, ſhield and ſword.

HYMN 277. AT DISMISSION.

1 DISMIſS us with thy bleſſing, LORD;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiſs, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
Waſh all our works in JESU's blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd ſoul releaſe,
And bid us all DEPART IN PEACE.

HYMN 278. ANOTHER.

1 JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee;
And join us all in one;
In our aſſemblies, ev'ry where,
Be thou our aim alone.

2 Reign thou ſole monarch of our hearts;
And we, as ſinners, lie
Before the feet of thee, our LORD,
To all eternity.

HYMN 279. ANOTHER.

1 FATHER, before we hence depart
Send thy good Spirit down;
Let him reſide in ev'ry heart,
And bleſs the ſeed that's ſown.

2 Thou fountain of eternal love,
Who gav'ſt thy Son to die;
O let thy Spirit from above,
Enlighten and apply.

HYMN 280. ANOTHER.

1 ONCE more before we part
We'll bleſs the Saviour's Name;
Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
Sing ev'ry tongue the ſame.

2 Read up his ſacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on to ſeek to know the LORD,
And practiſe what you know.

HYMN 262.

AT THE SACRAMENT.

1. THIS day the LORD of hoſts invites
Unto a coſtly feaſt;
I wou'd take care, and well prepare
To be a welcome gueſt.

2 Awake, repentance, faith, and love;
Awake, O ev'ry grace;
To meet your LORD, with one accord,
In his moſt holy place.

3 Worldly diſtraction, ſtay behind,
Below the mount abide;
Cauſe no diſturbance in my mind,
To make my Saviour chide.

4 O come, my LORD, the time draws nigh
That I am to receive;
Stand with my pardon ſealed by,
Perſuade me to believe.

5 Let not my JESUS now be ſtrange,
Nor hide himſelf from me;
But cauſe thy face to ſhine upon
The ſoul that longs for thee.

6 Come, bleſſed Spirit, from above,
My ſoul do thou inſpire,
T' approach the table of the LORD
With fulneſs of deſire.

7 O let our entertainment now
Be ſo exceeding ſweet,
That we may long to come again,
And at thine altar meet.

HYMN 282.

FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

1 Come, deareſt LORD, deſcend, and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt!
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.

3 Now to the GOD whoſe pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honours done
By all the church, thro' CHRIST the Son.

H Y M N 283.

Pleading Christ.

1 Father, God, who ſeeſt in me
Only ſin and miſery,
See thine own anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son.

2 Turn from me thy glorious eyes,
To that bloody ſacrifice;
To that full atonement made,
To that utmoſt ranſom paid.

3 To the blood that ſpeaks above,
Calls for thy forgiving love;
To the tokens of his death,
Here exhibited beneath.

4 Hear his blood's prevailing cry,
Let thy bowels then reply;
Then thro' him the ſinner ſee,
Then in Jesus look on me!

H Y M N 284. To Christ.

Lamb of God, for whom we languiſh,
Make thy grief
Our relief,
Eaſe us by thine anguiſh.

2 O [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] thy pains [illegible]
[illegible]
God's eternal favour.

3 [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Our Almighty [illegible].

4 Let the [illegible] be [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
For thy [illegible]

5 Fill the [illegible] of [illegible]
We [illegible]
Love [illegible]
Reign in us for ever.

HYMN 286.

ASSURANCE OF PARDON.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 "Here" (says the kind redeeming LORD,
And shews his wounded side)
"See here the spring of all your joys
"That open'd when I dy'd."

3 He ſmiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain;
"All this, ſays he, I bore for thee,"
And then he ſmiles again.

4 What ſhall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace ſo vaſt as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And ſeals it with a kiſs.

5 Let ſuch amazing loves as theſe
Be ſounded all abroad,
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a GOD.

6 To him, that waſh'd us in his blood
Be everlaſting praiſe,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.

HYMN 286.

1 JESU, dear redeeming LORD,
Magnify thy dying word;
In thine ordinance appear,
Come, and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou haſt enjoin'd,
Let us now our Saviour find,
Drink thy blood for ſinners ſhed,
Taſte thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,
Thou that haſt for ſinners dy'd,
Shew thyſelf the Crucify'd!

4 All the guilt of ſin remove,
Fill us with thy heav'nly love,
Stamp us with the ſtamp divine,
Seal us, Lord, for ever thine.

HYMN 287.

THE TRIUMPHAL FEAST.

1 THE Lord, how glorious is his face!
How kind his ſmiles appear!
And O! what melting words he ſays,
To ev'ry humble ear!

2 "For you, the children of my love,
"It was for you I dy'd;
"Behold my bleeding hands and feet,
"And look into my ſide.

3 "Theſe are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your ſouls
"From miſery and chains.

4 "Juſtice unſheath'd its fiery ſword,
"And plung'd it in my heart:
"Infinite pangs for you I bore,
"And moſt tormenting ſmart.

5 "When hell and all its ſpiteful pow'rs
"Stood dreadful in my way;
"To reſcue theſe dear lives of yours,
"I gave my own away.

6 "But while I bled, & groan'd, & dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;
"High on my croſs I hung, and ſpy'd
"The monſter tumbling down."

7 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours ſo divine?
Here, Lord, we give our ſouls away,
To be for ever thine.

HYMN 288. Isaiah liii. 6.

1 Ariſe, my ſoul, with wonder ſee,
What love divine for thee hath done;
Behold thy ſorrow, ſin, and grief,
Are laid on God's eternal Son.

2 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er ſuch love with ſorrow meet,
Or thorns compoſe ſo bright a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

1 God of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable thro' thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

3 Juſt it is, and good, and right,
That we ſhould be wholly thine,
In thine only will delight,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join.

4 O that ev'ry thought and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
Holineſs unto the Lord,
Still be written on our heart!

HYMN 200.

1 Together with theſe ſymbols, Lord,
Thy bleſſed ſelf impart;
And let thy holy fleſh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our ſins be waſh'd
In thy redeeming blood,
And let thy Spirit be the ſeal,
That we are ſons of God.

3 Come, holy Ghoſt, with Jesu's love,
Prepare us for this feaſt;
And loving banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breaſt.

HYMN 292.

1 ALL praiſe to the Lord,
All praiſe is his due,
To-day is the word
Of promiſe found true;
We, we are the nations
Preſented to God,
Well-pleaſing oblations
Thro' Jesus's blood.

2 Poor Gentiles from far
To Jesus we came,
And offer'd we are
To God thro' his name;
To God thro' the Spirit
Ourſelves do we give,
And ſav'd by the merit
Of Jesus we live.

HYMN 292.

1 OUR Shepherd alone,
The LORD, let us bleſs;
Who ſits on the throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore ſaves us
By ſhedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jeſus,
Our LORD, and our GOD!

2 We daily will ſing
Thy mercy and praiſe,
Thou merciful ſpring
Of pity and grace;
Thy kindneſs for ever
To men we will tell,
And ſay our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.

3 Preſerve us in love
While here we abide,
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious ſalvation,
Till joyful we ſee
The beautiful viſion
Compleated in thee!

HYMN 293.

1 THOU very paſchal Lamb,
Whoſe blood for us was ſhed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ranſom'd people lead!

2 Angel of goſpel-grace,
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed thy choſen race,
In Iſrael's camp appear.

3 Throughout the deſert-way
Conduct us by thy light!
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A chearing fire by night.

4 Our fainting ſouls ſuſtain
With bleſſings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

HYMN 294.

1 JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit, and hold
Communion with their LORD.

2 For food he gives his fleſh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace
Of our deſcending GOD!

3 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And every voice be praise.

HYMN 296.

1 O Jesus, my hope,
For me offer'd up,
Who with clamour pursu'd thee
To Calvary's top.

2 The blood thou hast shed,
For me let it plead,
And declare thou hast dy'd
In thy murderers' stead.

3 Thy blood, which alone
For sin could atone,
For the infinite evil
I madly have done;

4 That only can seal
My pardon, and fill
My heart with a pow'r
Of obeying thy will.

5 Now, now let me know
Its virtue below,
Let it wash me, and I
Shall be whiter than snow.

g

6 [illegible]
And [illegible]
And make [illegible]
In [illegible]

7 Each moment apply'd
My weakneſs to hide,
Thy blood be upon me,
And always abide.

8 My Advocate prove
With the Father above,
And raiſe me at laſt
To the throne of thy love.

HYMN 296.

DEDICATION TO GOD.

1 ALL glory and praiſe
To the Antient of days,
Who was born and was ſlain
To redeem a loſt race.

2 Salvation to God,
Who carry'd our load,
And purchas'd our peace
With the price of his blood.

3 And ſhall he not have
The lives which he gave,
Such an infinite ranſom
For ever to ſave?

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly reſign
Our ſouls to be fill'd
With the fulneſs divine.

5 We yield thee thine own,
We'd leave thee alone,
Thy will upon earth
As in heav'n be done.

6 How, when it ſhall be,
We cannot foreſee;
But O! let us live,
Let us die unto thee.

HYMN 297.

1 THANKFUL for our ev'ry bleſſing,
Let us ſing
CHRIST the ſpring,
Never, never ceaſing!

2 Source of all our gifts and graces,
CHRIST we own,
CHRIST alone
Calls for all our praiſes.

3 He diſpels our ſin and ſadneſs,
Life imparts,
Cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladneſs.

4 He himſelf for us hath given;
Us he feeds,
Us he leads
To a feaſt in heaven.

HYMN 298.

1 Father of mankind,
Be ever ador'd;
Thy mercy we find
In ſending our Lord
To ranſom and bleſs us;
Thy goodneſs we praiſe,
For ſending in Jeſus
Salvation by grace.

2 O Son of his love,
Who deigneſt to die,
Our curſe to remove,
Our pardon to buy;
Accept our thankſgiving,
Almighty to ſave,
Who openeſt heaven
To all that believe.

3 O Spirit of love,
Of health and of power,
Thy working we prove,
Thy grace we adore,
Whoſe inward revealing
Applies our Lord's blood,
Atteſting and ſealing
Us children of God.

HYMN 299.

1 O Let thy [illegible] constrain,
Jesus, the crucify'd!
What hast [illegible] our hearts to gain?
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

2 Us into closest [illegible],
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly [illegible],
Let love command [illegible]

3 Who would [illegible] way
Where Jesus [illegible]
Who wou'd not [illegible] sway
Of charity divine?

4 O let us find the [illegible],
Our wond'ring [illegible]
And force a [illegible] to say,
See how [illegible] love!

HYMN 300.

1 Lord, help us on [illegible]
In [illegible]
Be thou in [illegible]
Our refuge and [illegible]

2 We now [illegible],
And [illegible]
And with our [illegible] tongues proclaim
The goodness of the Lord.

HYMN 301.

1 Come, O my ſoul, and ſing
  How Jesus hath thee fed;
How Jesus gave himſelf for thee,
  The true and living bread.

2 I love my Saviour CHRIST,
  His grace did freely move,
And juſtly my affections claim,
  I cannot help but love.

3 I love thee, O my LORD,
  I gladly thee adore;
O may I never turn again,
  But love thee more and more.

4 O raiſe my feeble flame,
  My little ſtock improve;
Increaſe my ardour day by day,
  And change me all to love.

HYMN 302.

1 Our lives, our blood, we here preſent,
  If for thy ſake they muſt be ſpent;
Fulfil thy ſov'reign counſel, LORD,
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

2 Give us thy ſtrength, O GOD of pow'r;
Then let men ſcorn, and Satan roar;
Thy faithful witneſs we will be:
'Tis fix'd—we can do all thro' thee.

HYMN 303.

1 HELP us to help each other, LORD,
Each other's croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel another's care.

2 Help us to build each other up,
Our little ſtock improve;
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

3 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the ſanctify'd.

HYMN 304.

MORNING.

1 RISE, my ſoul, adore thy Maker;
Angels praiſe, join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

2 Sov'reign LORD of ev'ry ſpirit,
In thy light lead me right,
Thro' my Saviour's merit.

3 Thou this night waſt my protector,
With me ſtay all the day,
Ever my director.

4 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace be my bliſs,
Till thou hence remove me.

5 Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good, life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.

6 Glory, honour, thanks, and bleſſing,
One in Three, give we thee,
Never, never ceaſing.

HYMN 305.

EVENING.

1 Ere I ſleep for ev'ry favour
This day ſhew'd me by my God,
I will bleſs my Saviour.

2 O my Lord! what ſhall I render
To thy name, ſtill the ſame,
Gracious, good and tender.

3 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace be my bliſs,
Till thou hence remove me.

4 Viſit me with thy ſalvation,
Let thy care now be near,
Round my habitation.

5 Thou my rock, my guard, my tow'r,
Safely keep, while I ſleep,
Me, with all thy pow'r.

6 And [illegible] in death [illegible]
Let me rise [illegible]
Counted [illegible]

HYMN 306.

EVENING.

1 Dread Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy Hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Incompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I fly,
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renew'd or die.

6 Sprinkled afreſh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

HYMN 307.

1 NO farther go to-night, but ſtay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day;
Turn in, I beſeech thee, with me,
And ſo to-morrow, when I wake,
Me in thine arms, my Jeſus, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

HYMN 308.

MORNING.

1 AWake, my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run;
Shake off dull ſloth, and joyful riſe
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mis-ſpent time that's paſt,
Live this day as if 'twere thy laſt;
T' improve thy talent take due care,
'Gainſt the great day thyſelf prepare.

3 Let all thy converſe be ſincere,
Thy conſcience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-ſeeing God thy ways,
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.

4 Glory to thee, who ſafe haſt kept,
And haſt refreſh'd me whilſt I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall
Wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.

5 Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

6 Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN 309.

EVENING.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myſelf, and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Triumphing riſe at the laſt day.

4 O may my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And with ſweet ſleep my eyelids cloſe;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To ſerve my GOD when I awake.

5 Let my bleſt guardian, while I ſleep,
Cloſe to my bed his vigils keep;
Let no vain dreams diſturb my reſt,
No pow'rs of darkneſs me moleſt.

6 Praiſe GOD, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN 310.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1 TO-DAY GOD bids the faithful reſt,
To-day he ſhow'rs his grace;
"Seek ye my face," the LORD hath ſaid;
LORD, we will ſeek thy face.

2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,
With GOD'S aſſembly join;
Lo! heaven deſcends to welcome man
To taſte the things divine.

3 We come, dear Saviour, lo! we come,
LORD of our life and ſouls;
We come diſeas'd, and blind, and ſick;
Be pleas'd to make us whole.

4 We think [illegible] (O Lord)
Thou [illegible];
Filthy [illegible],
O cleanse us in thy blood.

5 O may we [illegible] our God to-day,
May [illegible];
Give, Lord, thy grace, [illegible] evil thoughts
Should mingle in our pray'r.

6 Amidst th' assembly of thy saints
Let us be faithful found;
And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praise abound.

7 Let thy good Spirit help our ſouls
With faith thy word to hear;
Be with us in thy temple, LORD,
And let us find thee near.

[illegible]

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
[illegible]
Without a veil between.

2 Aſſiſt me while I wander here
Amidſt a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Releaſe

3 Releaſe my ſoul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, O God, O ſpare the ſoul
That gives itſelf to thee;
Take all that I poſſeſs below,
And give thyſelf to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my way to ceaſeleſs joys,
Where ſabbaths never end.

HYMN 312.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

1 And now, my ſoul, another year
Of thy ſhort life is paſt;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my ſoul, with utmoſt care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how ſure, how fair,
And what thy great concern.

4 Now a new ſcene of time begins,
Set out afreſh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former ſins,
In CHRIST ſo freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyſelf to GOD,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal purſue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN 313. ANOTHER.

1 THE LORD of earth and ſky,
The GOD of ages praiſe!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls was found;
Yet did he us in mercy ſpare
Another, and another year.

3 When juſtice bare'd the ſword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our LORD
Cry'd—"Let it ſtill alone:"
The Father mild inclin'd his ear,
And ſpar'd us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy ſpeaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace:
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo! we ſee another year.

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound.
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN 314.

Another.

1 While with ceaſeleſs courſe the ſun
Haſted thro' the former year,
Many ſouls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal ſtate,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the light'ning from the ſkies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid ſtream;
Upwards, LORD, our Spirits raiſe;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies paſt receive;
Pardon of our ſins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bleſs the Word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's ſhort tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN 315.

CIRCUMCISION.

1 SEE, my ſoul, with wonder ſee
The incarnate Deity;
Human nature he aſſumes,
He to ranſom ſinners comes:
He was not conceiv'd in ſin,
He was infinitely clean;
Him no ſinful ſpot diſguis'd,
Yet, lo! he was circumcis'd.

2 He fulfill'd all righteouſneſs,
Standing in our legal place;
From the manger to the croſs,
All he did he did for us:

He did all our woes retrieve,
He expir'd that we might live;
By his ſtripes our wounds are heal'd,
By his blood our peace is ſeal'd.

3 Jesu's pain procures our eaſe;
Jesu's death is our releaſe;
Jesu's croſs obtains our crown;
Jesu's ſepulchre our throne:
Lord, conform us to thy death,
Bid our ſins yield up their breath;
By thy reſurrection's pow'r
Make our ſouls to glory ſoar.

4 Circumciſe our filthy hearts;
Purify our inward parts;
Lord, deſtroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find:
In thy righteouſneſs array'd,
Let us triumph, and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
Let us ſee thy face in light.

◆

HYMN 316.

EPIPHANY.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected ſtar;
Jacob's ſtar, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Fear not hence that there ſhall flow
Wars, or peſtilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults ceaſe,
Uſh'ring in the Prince of peace.

3 Mild he ſhines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the ſhades of death;
Scatt'ring error's wide-ſpread night,
Kindling darkneſs into light.

4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haſte to ſee your GOD appear;
Haſte, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifeſted there.

5 There behold the Day-ſpring riſe,
Pouring eye-ſight on your eyes;
GOD in his own light ſurvey,
Shining to the perfect day.

6 Sing, ye morning-ſtars, again;
GOD deſcends on earth to reign!
Deigns for man his life t' employ,
Shout, ye ſons of GOD, for joy.

HYMN 317.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Wou'd he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in;
When CHRIST the mighty Maker dy'd,
For man the creature's ſin.

4 Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While his dear croſs appears;
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, LORD, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 318.

REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS.

1 O! If my ſoul was form'd for wo,
How wou'd I vent my ſighs!
Repentance ſhould like rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my ſins my deareſt LORD
Hung on the curſed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my ſoul, for thee.

3 O how I hate thoſe luſts of mine
That crucify'd my GOD;
Thoſe ſins that pierc'd and nail'd his fleſh
Faſt to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they ſhall die,
My heart hath ſo decreed;
Nor will I ſpare thoſe guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilſt with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd LORD I view,
I'll raiſe revenge againſt my ſins,
And ſlay the murd'rers too.

HYMN 319.

IT IS FINISHED.

1 "'TIS FINISH'D," the Redeemer ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying head;
Whilſt we this ſentence ſcan,
Come, ſinners, and obſerve the word,
Behold the conqueſts of the LORD,
Compleat for helpleſs man.

2 FINISH'D the righteouſneſs of grace,
FINISH'D for ſinners pard'ning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid;
Accuſing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offending GOD,
In ſweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now ſhall urge a ſecond claim?
The law no longer can condemn;
Faith a releaſe can ſhew:
Juſtice itſelf a friend appears,
The priſon-houſe a whiſper hears,
"Looſe him, and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting, fruitleſs fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
"'TIS FINISH'D," ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence ev'ry cry.

5 His toil divinely finiſh'd ſtands,
But ah! the praiſe his work demands,
Careful may we attend!
Concluſion to our ſouls be this,
Becauſe ſalvation finiſh'd is,
Our thanks ſhall never end.

HYMN 320.

THE GRAVE SANCTIFIED BY CHRIST.

1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus ſends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all the ſaints he bleſt,
And ſoft'ned ev'ry bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with the dying head?

4 Thence he aroſe and burſt the chain,
To ſhew our feet the way
From ſhades where death and darkneſs reign,
To realms of endleſs day.

5 Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid his kindred riſe;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies.

HYMN 321.

CHRIST PIERCED.

1 IS there a thing beneath the ſky
Can comfort bring, or ſatisfy,
But our dear Saviour's wounds?
Here is a ſweet and conſtant peace,
A treaſure full of richeſt grace;
All elſe are empty ſounds.

2 Attend, my ſoul, ſink down with ſhame
Before his face, who only came
To ſuffer, bleed, and die:
O think upon thy ſin and guilt,
For which his precious blood was ſpilt;
Thou didſt him crucify.

3 See, thou vile piece of ſinful duſt,
Thy deareſt LORD ſweat for thy luſt
Till drops of blood fall down!
See how he yonder proſtrate lies!
Obſerve his mournful pray'rs and cries,
Mark ev'ry tear and groan!

4 See thy dear LORD dragg'd like a thief,
Amidſt contempt, and ſtripes, and grief,
For thee a ſacrifice:
Faſten'd unto the ſhameful wood,
Deſpis'd by men, and bath'd in blood,
So dear thy ranſom-price!

5 LORD doſt thou ſuffer thus for me,
Doſt thou feel all this miſery,
To give me life and peace!
Then let me bear it on my heart,
My all is purchas'd with thy ſmart,
Thy blood ſigns my releaſe.

HYMN 322.

ISAIAH liii.

1 WHO hath our report believed?
Shiloh come, is not received,
Not received by his own;
Promis'd Branch from root of Jeſſe,
David's offſpring ſent to bleſs ye,
Come too meekly to be known.

2 Like a tender plant that's growing
Where no water's friendly flowing,
No kind rains refreſh the ground:
Drooping, dying we ſhall view him,
See no charm to draw us to him,
There no beauty will be found.

3 Lo! Meſſiah unreſpected,
Man of griefs, deſpis'd, rejected;
Wounds his form disfig'ring,
Marr'd his viſage more than any,
For he bears the ſins of many,
All our ſorrows carrying.

4 No deceit his mouth had ſpoken,
Blameleſs, he no law had broken;
Yet was number'd with the worſt:
For, becauſe the Lord wou'd grieve him,
We, who ſaw it, did believe him
For his own offences curſt.

5 But while him our thoughts accuſed,
He for us alone was bruiſed,
Stricken, ſmitten for our guilt:
With his ſtripes our wounds are cured,
By his pains our peace aſſured,
Purchas'd with the blood he ſpilt.

6 Love amazing, ſo to mind us!
Shepherd come from heaven to find us
Silly ſheep all gone aſtray!
Loſt, undone by our tranſgreſſions;
Worſe than ſtript of all poſſeſſions,
Debters without hope to pay.

7 Fear our portion, ſlaves in ſpirit,—
He redeem'd us by his merit,
To a glorious liberty:
Dearly firſt his goodneſs bought us,
Truth and love then ſweetly taught us;
Truth and love have made us free.

8 Bleſſed be the pow'r who gave us,
Freely gave his Son to ſave us;
Bleſs'd the Son, who freely came:
Honour, bleſſing, adoration,
Ever from the whole creation
Be to God, and to the Lamb.

HYMN 323.

EASTER-DAY.

1 Jesus, who dy'd a world to ſave,
Revives, and riſes from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r:
From ſin, and death, and hell ſet free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and ſee
Your Saviour cloth'd with majeſty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, caſt off your fears,
In heav'n your manſions he prepares,
And ſoon will take you home.

3 His church is ſtill his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem:
He taſtes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that ſhe may ſpoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

4 O may we all from ſin awake,
May all in heav'n our places take,
Near our exalted Head!
May all our ſouls to heav'n aſpire,
In thought, in will, in ſtrong deſire,
To carnal pleaſures dead!

HYMN 324.

ANOTHER.

1 CHRIST the LORD is riſ'n to day,
Sons of men and angels ſay!
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our ſun's eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more.

3 Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal;
CHRIST hath burſt the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his riſe;
CHRIST hath open'd Paradiſe.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death, is now thy ſting!
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave,
Where thy victory, O grave!

5 Soar we now where CHRIST hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Ours the croſs, the grave, the ſkies;

6 What tho' once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praiſe to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail, the reſurrection—Thou!

8 King of glory! ſoul of bliſs!
Everlaſting life is this—
Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove;
Thus to ſing, and thus to love.

HYMN 325.

ANOTHER.

1 The Sun of righteouſneſs appears,
To ſet in blood no more!
Adore the ſcatt'rer of your fears,
Your riſing Sun adore.

2 The ſaints, when he reſign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their ſleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead ariſe.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-preſs trod;
He dy'd, and ſuffer'd as a man,
He riſes as a God.

4 In vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
Forbid an early riſe,
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens Paradiſe.

HYMN 326.

THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our IMMANUEL roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies;
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſt abode;
Sweet be the accents of our ſongs,
To our incarnate GOD.

5 Bright Angels, ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our IMMANUEL's praiſe.

HYMN 327.

THE RESURRECTION.

1 PLEAS'D we read in ſacred ſtory,
How our LORD reſum'd his breath;
Where, O grave's, thy conqu'ring glory?
Where's thy ſting, thou phantom Death?
Soon thy jaws, reſtrain'd from chewing,
Muſt diſgorge their ranſom'd prey:
Man firſt gave thee pow'r to ruin,
Man too takes that pow'r away.

2 I am Alpha, ſays the Saviour;
I Omega likewiſe am;
I was dead, and live for ever,
GOD Almighty and the Lamb.
In the LORD is our perfection,
And in him our boaſt we'll make;
We ſhall ſhare his reſurrection,
If we of his death partake.

3 Ye that die without repentance,
Ye muſt riſe when CHRIST appears;
Riſe to hear your dreadful ſentence,
While the ſaints rejoice in theirs;
You to dwell with fiends infernal,
They with JESUS CHRIST to reign:
They go into life eternal,
You to everlaſting pain.

4 Bold rebellion, baſe backſliding,
Stop your courſe, reflect with dread;
In deſtruction there's no hiding;
Death and hell give up their dead;
Ev'ry ſea, and lake, and river,
Shall reſtore their dead to view:
Shout for gladneſs, O believer,
CHRIST IS RIS'N, and ſo ſhall you.

HYMN 328.

ASCENSION.

1 HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Raviſh'd from our wiſhful eyes!
CHRIST awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-aſcends his native heav'n:
There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
Take the King of glory in!

2 Him, tho' higheſt heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our head to-day;
See thy faithful ſervants, ſee,
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, tho' parted from our ſight,
High above yon azure height:
Grant our hearts may thither riſe,
Following thee beyond the ſkies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after home:
There we ſhall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endleſs reign;
There thy face unclouded ſee,
Find our heav'n of heav'n in thee.

HYMN 329.

Whitsunday.

1 Jesu, we hang upon the word
Our longing ſouls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy promiſe, Lord,
Thy promiſe made to all, and me:
Thy followers, who thy ſteps purſue,
And dare believe that God is true.

2 Thou ſaidſt, I will the Father pray,
And he the Holy Ghoſt ſhall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to ſtay,
And never more his temples leave:
Myſelf will to my children come,
And make them mine eternal home.

3 Come then, dear Lord, thyſelf reveal,
And let thy promiſe now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace:
Thy ſorrowful diſciples chear,
And ſend us down the Comforter.

4 He viſits now the troubled breaſt,
And oft relieves our ſad complaint;
But ſoon we loſe the tranſient gueſt,
But ſoon we droop again, and faint:
Repeat the melancholy moan—
"Our joy is fled, our comfort gone."

5 Send him, O Lord, into each heart,
Our ſure, inſeparable guide:
O might we meet, and never part,
O might he in our hearts abide,
And keep his houſe of praiſe and pray'r,
And reſt, and reign for ever there.

HYMN 330.

BREATHING AFTER THE SPIRIT.

1 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly toys;
Our ſouls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

HYMN 331. JOHN xvii. 24.

1 O For a ſweet inſpiring ray,
To animate our feeble ſtrains,
From the bright realms of endleſs day,
The bliſsful realms where JESUS reigns!

2 There low before his glorious throne
Adoring ſaints and angels fall,
And with delightful worſhip own
His ſmile their bliſs, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs riſe,
And love, and joy, and triumph ſpread
Thro' all th' aſſemblies of the ſkies.

4 He ſmiles, and ſeraphs tune their ſongs
To boundleſs rapture while they gaze;
Ten thouſand thouſand joyful tongues
Reſound his everlaſting praiſe.

5 There all the ranſom'd of the Lamb
Shall join at laſt the heav'nly choir;
O may the joy-inſpiring theme
Awake our faith, and warm deſire!

6 Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit ſeal
Our intereſt in that bliſsful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

HYMN 332.

TO THE TRINITY.

1 PRAISE be to the Father giv'n,
CHRIST he gave us to ſave,
Now the heirs of heav'n.

2 Pay we equal adoration
To the Son, he alone
Wrought out our ſalvation.

3 Glory to th' Eternal Spirit,
Us he ſeals, CHRIST reveals,
And applies his merit.

4 Worſhip, honour, thanks and bleſſing,
One in three, give we thee,
Never, never ceaſing.

HYMN 333.

THE BENEFIT OF AFFLICTIONS.

1 THY people LORD, have ever found
'Tis good to bear thy rod;
Afflictions make us learn thy law,
And live upon our GOD.

2 This is the comfort we enjoy;
When new diſtreſs begins;
We read thy word, we run thy way,
And hate our former ſins.

3 Thy judgments, LORD, are always right,
Tho' they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt ſuff'rings we endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

4 Before we knew thy chaſt'ning rod,
Our feet were apt to ſtray;
But now we learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

HYMN 334.

THE NATIVITY.

1 HARK, the glad ſound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a ſong.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to releaſe,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickeſt films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celeſtial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And with the riches of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hoſannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 335. ANOTHER.

1 HARK! the herald-angels ſing;
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
"God and ſinners reconcil'd."
Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies,
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by higheſt heav'n ador'd;
Christ the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:

2

Veil'd in fleſh, the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
JESUS, our IMMANUEL here.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace;
Hail, the Sun of righteouſneſs!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die,
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

4 Come, Deſire of nations, come,
Fix us in thy humble home;
Riſe, the woman's conqu'ring ſeed,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head:
Adam's likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Re-inſtate us in thy love.

HYMN 336. THE SAME.

1 WHAT good news the angels bring!
What glad tidings of our King!
CHRIST the LORD is born to-day,
CHRIST who takes our ſins away:

Him who rules in heav'n and earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his birth;
Him ſhall all his people ſee,
And rejoice eternally.

2 Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hoſannas fill the ſky;
"Glory be to God above,"
God is infinite in love:
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"
Now with us our God is ſeen:
Angels, join with us in praiſe!
Help to ſing redeeming grace.

3 Now the wall is broken down,
Now the goſpel is made known;
Now the door is open'd wide,
Christ for Jew and Gentile dy'd.
All who feel the weight of ſin,
All who languiſh to be clean;
All who for redemption groan,
May be ſav'd by faith alone.

4 Jesus is the lovely name,
This the angel doth proclaim;
He ſhall all his people ſave,
They in him remiſſion have:
When they ſee themſelves undone,
They take refuge in the Son;
They ſhall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

5 Shout, ye nations of the earth,
Sing the triumphs of his birth;
All the world by him is bleſt,
Sound his praiſe from eaſt to weſt:
Jews and Gentiles jointly ſing,
CHRIST our common LORD and King;
CHRIST our life, our joy, our ſong,
To eternity prolong.

HYMN 337. THE SAME.

1 COME, thou long expected JESUS!
Born to ſet thy people free;
From our fears and ſins releaſe us,
Let us find our reſt in thee!
Iſrael's ſtrength and conſolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Deſire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart!

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-ſufficient merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 338.

1 Sovereign grace has power alone
To ſubdue a heart of ſtone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardeſt heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucify'd,
Two tranſgreſſors with him dy'd;
One with vile blaſpheming tongue
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he ſpent his wicked breath
In the very jaws of death;
Periſh'd, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his caſe;
Faith receiv'd to own the Lord,
Whom the Scribes and Prieſts abhorr'd.

5 "Lord, he pray'd—remember me,
"When in glory thou ſhalt be;"
"Soon with me, the Lord replies,
"Thou ſhalt be in Paradiſe."

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchſaf'd in time of need.
Sinners, truſt in Jesu's name,
You ſhall find him ſtill the ſame.

7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief:
If the goſpel you diſdain,
Christ to you will die in vain.

HYMN 339.

SICKNESS, OR DIVINE CORRECTION.

1 How happy the ſorrowful man,
Whoſe ſorrow is ſent from above!
Indulg'd with a viſit of pain,
Chaſtis'd by omnipotent love:
The Author of all his diſtreſs,
He comes by affliction to know;
And God he in heaven ſhall bleſs
That ever he ſuffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod,
The marks of adoption receive,
The ſtrokes of a merciful God;
With nearer acceſs to his throne,
My burden of folly confeſs,
The cauſe of my miſeries own,
And cry for an anſwer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
On me in affliction beſtow
A pow'r of applying to thee,
A ſanctify'd uſe of my woe;
I would in a Spirit of prayer
To all thy appointments ſubmit;
The pledge of my happineſs bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,
Of dying in JESUS's love:
A ſufferer here with my LORD,
With JESUS above I ſit down,
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

HYMN 340.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

1 AH! lovely appearance of death,
No ſight upon earth is ſo fair;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare;
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corps when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its ſtead.

2 How bleſt is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind,
How eaſy the ſoul that hath left
The weariſome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whoſe relics with envy I ſee;
No longer in miſery now,
No longer a ſinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With ſickneſs, or ſhaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or ſhame,
Shall redden this innocent clay,
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

4 This languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breaſt
Is heav'd by affliction no more;
This heart is no longer the ſeat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

5 The lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep:
The fountains can yield no ſupplies,
Theſe hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from theſe eyes,
And evil they never ſhall ſee.

6 To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in a priſon I breathe;
And ſtill for deliverance pine,
And preſs to the iſſues of death:

What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become;
My ſpirit created anew,
My fleſh be conſign'd to the tomb!

HYMN 341. ANOTHER.

1 HOSSANNA to JESUS on high!
Another has enter'd his reſt;
Another has 'ſcap'd to the ſky,
And lodg'd in IMMANUEL's breaſt:
The ſoul of our brother is gone
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to JESUS's throne!
Exalted by JESUS's love!

2 How happy the angels that fall
Tranſported at JESUS's name!
The ſaints, whom he ſooneſt ſhall call,
To ſhare in the feaſt of the Lamb!
No longer impriſon'd in clay,
Who next from this dungeon ſhall fly?
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away?
My merciful GOD—Is it I?

3 O JESUS, if this be thy will,
That ſuddenly I ſhould depart,
Thy counſel of mercy reveal,
And whiſper the call to my heart:

4 O give me a ſignal to know
If ſoon thou wou'd'ſt have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

HYMN 342.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG PERSON.

D WHEN blooming youth is ſnatch'd away
By death's reſiſtleſs hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity muſt demand.

2 While pity prompts the riſing ſigh,
O may this truth, impreſt
With awful pow'r—I too muſt die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breaſt.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us ſeize the preſent hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming ſcene,
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to JESUS fly,
Whoſe pow'rful arm can ſave;
Then ſhall our hopes aſcend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great GOD, thy ſov'reign grace impart,
With cleanſing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's ſurpriſing hour.

HYMN 343.

REMEMBERING OUR LATTER END.

1 NOw in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, GOD;
Behold, the months come haſt'ning on,
When you ſhall ſay, My joys are gone.

2 Behold, the aged ſinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead
With endleſs curſes on his head.

3 The duſt returns to duſt again;
The ſoul in agonies of pain
Aſcends to GOD; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom and ſinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my ſoul muſt hence remove,
Give me a manſion in thy love.

HYMN 344.

Another.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die:
My ſoul ſhall quit the mournful vale,
And ſoar to worlds on high:
Shall join the diſembody'd ſaints,
And find its long-ſought reſt,
That only bliſs for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breaſt.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the croſs ſuſtain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And ſmile at toil and pain:
I ſuffer on my threeſcore years,
Till my deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his ſervant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my raviſh'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I ſee,
And trees of Paradiſe:
I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſures there;
They all are rob'd in ſpotleſs white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my ſuff'rings here,
If, LORD, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd hoſt t' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life and friends away!
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!

HYMN 345.

LIFE AND ETERNITY.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name;
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe,
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves one the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great GOD! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things;
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

6 Infinite joy, or endleſs woe
Attend on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O LORD, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road:
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with GOD.

HYMN 346.

DEATH AND GLORY.

1 MY ſoul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy priſon waits for you,
Whene'er the ſummons come.

3 O! could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their ſtead;
Then would our ſpirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the dead.

4 O what are all my ſuff'rings here,
If, LORD, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd hoſt t' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life and friends away!
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!

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The breath that firſt it gave;
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To hurry mortals home.

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Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

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Attend on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road:
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 346.

Death and glory.

1 My ſoul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy priſon waits for you,
Whene'er the ſummons come.

3 O! could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their ſtead;
Then would our ſpirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the dead.

4 Then ſhou'd we ſee the ſaints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our ſouls ſhou'd love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 How ſhould we ſcorn theſe clothes of fleſh,
Theſe fetters, and this load;
And long for ev'ning to undreſs,
That we may reſt with God.

6 We ſhou'd almoſt forſake our clay,
Before the ſummons come,
And pray, and wiſh our ſouls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 347. ANOTHER.

1 IN a world of ſin and ſorrow,
Compaſs'd round with many a care;
From eternity we borrow
Hope, that can exclude deſpair!
Thee, triumphant GOD and SAVIOUR!
In the glaſs of faith we ſee;
O aſſiſt each faint endeavour,
Raiſe our earth-born ſouls to thee.

2 Place that awful ſcene before us,
Of the laſt tremendous day;
When to life thou ſhalt reſtore us,
Ling'ring ages, haſte away!

Then this vile and ſinful nature
Incorruption ſhall put on;
Life renewing, glorious Saviour!
Let thy gracious will be done.

HYMN 348.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

1 'TIS finiſh'd, 'tis done!
The ſpirit is fled,
The priſ'ner is gone,
The chriſtian is dead:
The chriſtian is living
Thro' JESUS his love,
And gladly receiving
A kingdom above.

2 All honour and praiſe
Is JESUS's due;
Supported by grace,
He fought his way thro';
Triumphantly glorious,
Thro' JESUS's zeal,
And more than victorious
O'er ſin, death and hell.

3 Then let us record
The conquering name,
Our Captain and LORD
With ſhoutings proclaim:

Who truſt in his paſſion,
And follow our Head,
To certain ſalvation
We all ſhall be led.

4 O JESUS, lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteouſneſs there:
Where dazzled with glory
The ſeraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee
In ſilence of praiſe.

5 Come, LORD, and diſplay
Thy ſign in the ſky,
And bear us away
To manſions on high:
The kingdom be giv'n,
The purchaſe divine,
And crown us in heav'n
Eternally thine.

HYMN 349.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge ſevere,
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near;
His lightnings flaſh, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful ſoul.

2 From heav'n angelic voices ſound,
See th' almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms as his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord;
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the moſt High:
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns,
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever, and for ever reigns.

5 The Father praiſe, the Son adore,
The Spirit bleſs for evermore:
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome the great Three in One;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome the great Three in One.

* * *

HYMN 350.

JUDGMENT.

1 LO! he cometh, countleſs trumpets
Blow before the bloody ſign;
'Midſt ten thouſand ſaints and angels,
See the Crucified ſhine.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

2 Now his merit by the harpers
Thro' th' eternal deep reſounds;
Now reſplendent ſhine his nail-prints,
Ev'ry eye ſhall ſee his wounds:
They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, aſhamed,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment, come to judgment, come to judgment,
Stand before the Son of man.

4 Saints who love him, view his glory,
Shining in his bruiſed face,
His dear perſon on the rainbow,
Now his peoples head ſhall raiſe:
Happy mourners, happy mourners, happy mourners,
Lo! in clouds, he comes, he comes!

5 Now redemption, long expected,
See in ſolemn pomp appear;
All his people, once rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Now the promis'd kingdom's come.

6 View him ſmiling, now determin'd
Ev'ry evil to deſtroy;
All the nations now ſhall ſing him
Songs of everlaſting joy:
O come quickly, O come quickly,
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, LORD, come.

HYMN 351.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

1 LO! He comes with clouds deſcending
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH ſee.

3 Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See! in ſolemn pomp appear!
All his ſaints by man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit
Haſten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! Let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal Throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

HYMN 352.

The Jubilee.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly ſolemn ſound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

5 Ye, who have ſold for nought
Your heritage above;
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

4 The goſpel-trumpet ſounds;
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remoteſt bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

HYMN 353.

1 I Aſk'd the LORD that I might grow
In faith and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his ſalvation know,
And ſeek more earneſtly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray;
And he, I truſt, has anſwer'd pray'r;
But it has been in ſuch a way
As almoſt drove me to deſpair.

3 I hop'd that in ſome favour'd hour,
At once, he'd grant me my requeſt,
And by his love's conſtraining pow'r
Subdue my ſins, and give me reſt.

4 Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Aſſault my ſoul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he ſeem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Croſs'd all the fair deſigns I ſchem'd,
Blaſted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 LORD! why is this? I trembling cry'd;
Wilt thou purſue thy worm to death?
'Tis in this way, the LORD reply'd,
I anſwer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 These inward trials I employ
From ſelf and pride to ſet thee free,
And break thy ſchemes of worldly joy,
That thou may'ſt ſeek thy all in me.

HYMN 355.

JOY IN THE LORD.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren ſoil;
All we can boaſt till CHRIST we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But when the LORD has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour ſeen by faith,
A ſenſe of pard'ning love;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like thoſe above.

4 To take a glimpſe within the vail,
To know that GOD is mine,
Are ſprings of joy that never fail,
Unſpeakable, divine.

5 Theſe are the joys that ſatisfy,
And ſanctify the mind;
That make the Spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But if you are the Lord's,
Reſign to them who know him not
Such joys as earth affords.

HYMN 355.

Saturday Evening.

1 Safely thro' another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a bleſſing ſeek
On th' approaching ſabbath-day
Day of all the week the beſt,
Emblem of eternal reſt.

2 Mercies multiply'd each hour
Thro' the week our praiſe demand;
Guarded by almighty pow'r,
Fed and guarded by his hand:
Tho' ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of ſin.

3 While we pray for pard'ning grace
In the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our ſin and ſhame:
From our worldly cares ſet free,
May we reſt this night with thee.

4 When the morn ſhall bid us raiſe,
May we feel thy preſence near,
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy houſe appear;
There afford us, LORD, a taſte
Of our everlaſting feaſt.

5 May the goſpel's joyful ſound
Conquer ſinners, comfort ſaints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all our wants:
Thus let all our ſabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

HYMN 356.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

1 THE church a garden is
In which believers ſtand,
Like ornamental trees
Planted by GOD's own hand
His Spirit waters all their roots,
And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.

2 But other trees there are
In this incloſure grow,
Which tho' they promiſe fair,
Have only leaves to ſhow;
No fruits of grace are on them found,
They are but cumb'rers of the ground.

3 The under-gard'ner grieves,
In vain his ſtrength he ſpends,
For heaps of uſeleſs leaves
Afford him ſmall amends:
He hears the LORD his will make known,
To cut the barren fig-tree down.

4 How difficult his poſt!
What pangs his bowels move!
To find his wiſhes croſt,
His efforts uſeleſs prove:
His laſt relief is earneſt pray'r,
LORD ſpare them yet another year.

5 Spare them, and let me try
What further means may do;
I'll freſh manure apply,
My digging I'll renew:
Who knows, but yet they fruit may yield,
If not—'tis juſt they muſt be fell'd.

6 If under means of grace
No means of grace appear,
It is a dreadful caſe,
Tho' GOD may long forbear;
At length he'll ſtrike the threat'ned blow,
And lay the barren fig-tree low

HYMN 357.

THE BURDEN'D SINNER.

1 AH! what can I do,
Or how be ſecure,
If juſtice perſue,
What heart can endure?
When God ſpeaks in thunder,
And makes himſelf known;
The heart breaks aſunder,
Tho' harder than ſtone?

2 With terror I read
My ſins heavy ſcore,
Their number exceeds
The ſands on the ſhore.
Guilt makes me unable
To ſtand or to flee;
So Cain murder'd Abel,
And trembled like me.

3 Each ſin, like his blood,
With terrible cry
Calls loud upon God,
To ſtrike from on high.
Nor can my repentance,
Extorted by fear,
Reverſe the juſt ſentence
'Tis juſt, tho' ſevere.

4 The caſe is too plain,
I have my own choice,
Again and again,
I ſlighted his voice,
His warnings neglected,
His patience abuſ'd,
His goſpel rejected,
His mercy refuſ'd.

5 And muſt I then go
For ever to dwell
In miſ'ry and wo
With devils in hell!
O where is the Saviour
I ſcorn'd in time paſt?
His word in my favour
Would ſave me at laſt.

6 Lord Jesus! on thee
I venture to call,
O look upon me
The vileſt of all:
For whom didſt thou languiſh
And bleed on the tree?
O pity my anguiſh,
And ſay, "'twas for thee."

7 A cauſe ſuch as mine
Will honour thy pow'r,
All hell will repine,
All heav'n will adore.

If in condemnation
  Strict juſtice takes place,
It ſhines in ſalvation,
  More glorious thro' grace.

HYMN 358. HEAVEN.

1 THERE is a land of living joy,
  Beyond the utmoſt ſkies,
Where ſcenes of bliſs without alloy,
  In boundleſs proſpects riſe.

2 High-ſeated on a blazing throne
  Th' eternal GOD appears,
Puts all his ſmiling glories on,
  And awes at once, and cheers.

3 The ſlaughter'd Lamb at his right hand
  Aſſumes his royal ſeat,
Adoring angels round him ſtand,
  His miniſters of ſtate.

4 Each breaſt with ſtrong devotion glows,
  Love ev'ry heart inſpires,
While GOD's own Spirit gently blows,
  And fans theſe holy fires.

5 In ſtrains celeſtial, ev'ry tongue
  Shall GOD's high praiſe proclaim:
And all in concert join the ſong
  Of Moſes and the Lamb.

6 The hallelujahs once begun,
No pauſe or end ſhall know;
But joy and harmony in one
Perpetual tranſport flow.

7 A conſtant bloom in ev'ry face,
Shall age and death defy;
And ſin and hell far from the place
In wild confuſion fly.

HYMN 359.

A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

1 How long ſhall Death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the juſt;
While the rich blood of martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the duſt?

2 Lo, I behold the ſcatter'd ſhades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

3 I ſee the LORD of glory come,
And flaming guards around,
The ſkies divide to make him room,
The trumpet ſhakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "YE DEAD ARISE;"
And lo, the graves obey;
And waking ſaints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

5 They leave the duſt, and on the wing
Riſe to the mid-way air,
In ſhining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

6 O may our humble ſpirits ſtand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meaneſt place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder riſe,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the ſkies,
On love's triumphant wing!

HYMN 360.

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

1 COME, LORD, and warm each languid heart,
Inſpire each lifeleſs tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our ſong.

2 Then to the ſhining ſeats of bliſs
The wings of faith ſhall ſoar,
And all the charms of paradiſe
Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

3 Pleaſures unſully'd flouriſh there,
Beyond the reach of time;
Not blooming Eden ſmil'd ſo fair
In all her flow'ry prime.

4 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect joy and love ſincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

5 The ſoul, from ſin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But cloth'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming love adore.

6 There ſhall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal ſongs;
And endleſs honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

7 Lord, tune our hearts to praiſe & love
Our feeble notes inſpire;
Till in thy bliſsful courts above
We join th' angelic choir.

HYMN 361.

The happiness of being with Christ.

1 While on the verge of life I ſtand,
And view the ſcene on either hand,
My ſpirit ſtruggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my ſoul wou'd be;
And faints my much-lov'd Lord to ſee;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesu's throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That bliſsful interview, how ſweet!
To fall tranſported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

5 As with a Seraph's voice to ſing!
To fly as on a Cherub's wing!
Performing with unweary'd hands
The preſent Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet with theſe proſpects full in ſight,
We'll wait thy ſignal for the flight;
For while thy ſervice we purſue,
We find a heaven begun below.

HYMN 362.

Salvation approaching. Rom. xiii. 11.

1 Awake, ye ſaints, and lift your eyes,
And raiſe your voices high,
Awake, and praiſe that ſov'reign love
That ſhews ſalvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3 Not many years their round ſhall run,
Nor many mornings riſe,
Ere all its glories ſtand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, ſpeed your courſe;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Faſt as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN 363.

THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN MAKES DEATH EASY.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

2 There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood
Stand dreſs'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But fearful mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow ſea;
And linger, ſhiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to lanch away.

5 O! cou'd we make our doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe,
And ſee the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Cou'd we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſkip o'er,
Not Jordan's ſtreams, nor death's cold flood
Shou'd fright us from the ſhore.

HYMN 364.

THE PASSING BELL.

1 OFT as the bell with ſolemn toll
Speaks the departure of a ſoul,
Let each one aſk himſelf, Am I
Prepar'd, ſhould I be call'd to die?

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preſerves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I love below,
To GOD's tribunal I muſt go;
Muſt hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlaſting ſtate.

4 But could I bear to hear him ſay,
“ DEPART, ACCURSED, far away;
With devils in the loweſt hell
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell.”

5 LORD JESUS! help me now to flee,
And ſeek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my ſins, and in me live.

6 Then when the ſolemn bell I hear,
If ſav'd from guilt, I need not fear:
Nor would the thought diſtreſſing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

7 Rather my ſpirit would rejoice,
And wait impatient for thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth reſign,
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

HYMN 365.

BEFORE SERMON.

1 DOES it not grief and wonder move
To think of Iſrael's dreadful fall;
Who needed miracles to prove,
Whether the LORD were GOD, or Baal!

2 Methinks I ſee Elijah ſtand,
His features glow with love and zeal;
In faith and prayer he lifts his hand,
And makes to heav'n his great appeal.

3 "O God! if I thy ſervant am,
If 'tis thy meſſage fills my heart;
Now glorify thy holy name:
And ſhew this people who thou art."

4 He ſpoke, and lo, a ſudden flame
Conſum'd the wood, the duſt, the ſtone.
The people ſtruck, at once proclaim,
"The Lord is God, the Lord alone."

5 Like him we mourn an awful day,
When more for Baal than God appear;
Like him, believers, let us pray,
And may the God of Iſrael hear.

6 Lord! If thy ſervant ſpeaks thy truth,
If he indeed is ſent by thee;
Confirm the word to all our youth,
And let them thy ſalvation ſee.

7 Now may thy Spirit's holy fire
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,
Conſume each hurtful vain deſire,
And make them know thou art the Lord.

HYMN 366.

On taking a member into society.

1 Welcome, thou well-belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;

Welcome with us thine hand to join,
As partner of our lot divine:
Bleſſings abundant from above,
Give him, we pray, Thou God of Love.

2 With us the pilgrim's ſtate embrace;
We're trav'ling to a bliſsful place,
The new Jeruſalem above,
The radiant throne, the ſeat of love.
The holy Ghoſt that knows the way,
Conduct thee on from day to day!

3 The ſtaff of promiſe now receive,
Thy weary footſteps to relieve,
The chief ſupport the trav'ler knows,
Leaning on which he forward goes.
Thus if for reſt thy ſpirits call,
Leaning on this thou can'ſt not fall.

4 With peace, with ceaſeleſs peace be ſhod,
The ſhoes of peace receive of God;
Theſe keep from pain the pilgrim's feet,
And make the rugged way ſeem ſweet.
So Sion's paths ſhall ever prove
The paths of joy, and peace, and love.

5 Thus onward move with upright pace;
Stedfaſt purſue the goſpel-race:
Fill'd with the pow'r of truth divine,
Prove all the ſtrength of Jesus thine.
Commiſſion'd angels ſoon ſhall come,
And waft thee to thy wiſh'd-for home.

* *

HYMN 367.

UPON GOING FORTH TO PREACH.

1 FORTH in thy ſtrength, O LORD, we go,
Thy goſpel to proclaim;
Thine only righteouſneſs to ſhew,
And glorify thy name.

2 Vouchſafe thine aid to ſpeak thy word
In this appointed hour!
Attend it with thy Spirit, LORD,
And let it come with pow'r.

3 Open the hearts of all that hear,
To make their Saviour room:
Now let me find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

4 Give them to hear the word as thine;
And while they thus receive,
Prove it the ſaving pow'r divine,
To ſinners that believe.

HYMN 368.

AFTER RETURNING FROM PREACHING.

1 GLORY to thee our CHRIST be giv'n,
For this thy goſpel word;
Thanks for the news reveal'd from heav'n,
SALVATION from the LORD.

2 Glory to thy great name alone,
That life and pow'r imparts;
Now, LORD, thy goſpel-meſſage own,
And graft it on their hearts.

3 Now let them feel the tidings true;
Grant to thy word ſucceſs;
Water it with thy heav'nly dew,
And give the wiſh'd increaſe.

4 Savour of life! O let it prove,
And ſhew their ſins forgiv'n!
Give them that faith which works by love,
Which ſweetly leads to heav'n.

HYMN 369.

TO THE TRINITY.

1 LET God the FATHER live
For ever on our tongues,
Sinners from his free love derive
The ground of all their ſongs.

2 Ye ſaints, employ your breath
In honour to the SON;
Who bought your ſouls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the SPIRIT praiſe
Of an immortal ſtrain;
Whoſe light and pow'r, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

4 While GOD the COMFORTER
Reveals our pardon'd ſin,
O may the blood and water bear
The ſame record within!

5 To the great ONE and THREE,
That ſeal the grace in heav'n,
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN 370.

AT MEETING.

1 BLEST by JESU's providence,
Lo! we meet again in peace!
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet in a more glorious place!

2 When we once ſhall there arrive,
Ever happy we ſhall reign;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midſt a hoſt of perfect men.

3 There ſhall ſorrow not intrude,
Grief ſhall never there appear;
Waſh'd in our Redeemer's blood,
We ſhall ſtand, made free from fear.

4 Come, dear fellows, joyful, come;
Forward boldly let us preſs;
Humbly let our ſouls preſume,
Truſt in JESU's righteouſneſs.

5 Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family compleat,
Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,
In the houſe above ſhall meet.

6 Maſter, haſten on thy day!
Glorious to thy judgment come!
Call thy trav'ling ſaints away;
LORD, we long to be at home.

HYMN 371.

AT PARTING.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And ſtill in JESU's footſteps tread,
And do his work below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide;
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But JESUS crucify'd.

4 Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulneſs to receive,
And grace to anſwer grace.

5 Thus let us haſten to the day
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore,
When death ſhall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN 372.

FOR MINISTERS AT MEETING.

1 WELCOME, welcome, bleſſed ſervant,
Meſſenger of JESU's grace!
O how beautiful the feet of
Him that brings good news of peace!
All hail, herald, &c.
Prieſt of GOD, thy people's joy.

2 Saviour bleſs his meſſage to us,
Give us hearts to hear the ſound
Of redemption, dearly purchas'd
By thy death and precious wound.
O reveal it, &c.
To our poor and helpleſs ſouls.

3 Give reward of grace and glory,
To thy faithful labourer dear,
Let the incenſe of our hearts be
Offer'd up in faith and prayer.
Bleſs, O bleſs him, &c.
Now, henceforth, for evermore.

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HYMN 373.

FOR MINISTERS AT PARTING.

1 WITH all thy pow'r, O LORD, defend
Him whom we now to Thee commend;
Our faithful miniſter ſecure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-ſufficient grace;
Give to his footſteps paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulneſs fulfil;
Preſerve him, LORD, from ev'ry ill.

3 Before his face protection ſend;
O love him, ſave him to the end:
Nor let him as thy pilgrim rove,
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, enflame, and fill his heart
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thouſands yet unborn may praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

HYMN 374. DISSMISSION.

1 LORD, diſmiſs us with thy bleſſing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refreſh us, &c.
Trav'ling thro' this wilderneſs.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy goſpel's joyful ſound:
May the fruits of thy ſalvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful, &c.
To the truth may we be found!

3 So whene'er the ſignal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on Angel's wing to heaven,
Glad the ſummons to obey,
May we ever, &c.
Reign with CHRIST in endleſs day!

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Thanks, praiſe, and glory be;
As was, and is, and ſhall be ſtill
To all eternity.

II.

To GOD in perſons Three,
All glory be therefore;
As in beginning was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

III.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be praiſe amidſt the heav'nly hoſt,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption bleſs'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

IV.

Praiſe GOD, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

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V.

Sing we to our GOD above
Praiſe eternal as his love;
Praiſe him, all ye heav'nly hoſt;
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

FINIS.

12 FEB 49